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reading a paper in which he denied the exist-

ence of a personal devil, and affirmed his

### Around Town.

Of civilized mankind the vast majority, no doubt, inwardly believe that the conventionalities with which we surround ourselves individually and collectively are really the deadliest foes to contentment and happiness. In a lifetime devoted entirely to conforming to what people expect one to do and avoiding things which public opinion insists we shall leave undone there is not the slightest doubt but that we wear a yoke which is frequently galling, and occasionally the chains become rankling fetters which sink their festering links deep into the flesh. Love makes service loyal and endurable and a slave may be reasonably happy if labor and the lack of liberty are lightened by the smile of approbation of the task-master. But when one is a slave of public opinion there is no smile which lightens the oad, no reward except of a negative sort, and nothing tells us that we have even succeeded in escaping censure except the fact that we have not been made to feel the lash. Thus it is that people serving this inexorable taskmaster go through life unassisted by hope of reward and, like the Congo slave, have no object in life except to escape punishment. Of course there are extremely conventional people whose very natures make it impossible for them to be anything else, and we can conceive that with them following the laws laid down by Mrs. Grundy is, if not a pleasure, not an irksome task. It is hard to estimate the relative size and importance of this section, but with instincts decidedly Bohemian and an acquaintanceship somewhat inclined to be unconventional, it seems to me that the naturally punctilious are in a very small minority.

It would not so much matter to us as individuals, or to the world, if the constraints put upon us-by this I mean arbitrary restraintswere merely social, though these are often the most ridiculous. But mentaliy we are constrained to believe with the majority if they have any well-formulated belief, or to conform to the opinions of those who have a well organized or many-voiced opportunity of expression, for instance, the press and the pulpit. A man must be a giant if alone he can succeed in fighting what the newspapers imagine to be the accepted code, and, indeed, he must be willing to become a living sacrifice if he under takes, either by precept or example, to begin a campaign even against the most senseless of the accepted theories of the greatest-good-for-the-greatest-number sort. By looking backwards we can see without great experince, or the promptings of a guide book, that the world has not yet found a settled basis upon which every one must stand or be considered a heretic. We have no reason to preume that the night through which we have just slept is the line of darkness through which the world has just passed to find the perfect instiutions of to-day, and therefore we must admit the possibility of some of the so called heresies f to-day being adopted as the truths of toprrow unless we have reached final perfection of understanding and application. That this not the idea of the most enlightened and culured people is proven by the fact that they are the most unconventional, most heretical. Ye is in these brightest examples that the bondage of conventionality is most conspicuous, for after having thrown off the trammels in some spects, they parade themselves in the sight of the rest of us mortals with half of the haress still on, and that worn as if it were their dearest delight. Another feature which must iscourage dreamers who believe that prople night be permitted to follow their own in and understanding more fully the fact that each class and section of hu anity adopt some sort of bondage which hey seem to prefer to liberty. This is even e of degraded classes which cannot forget e fact that they were born to do as some dy else tells them, even to the extent of eeding liberty by making license supreme. then the worst classes are not content with license, but must observe some convenal system, if the highest do not disregard hese things, and the intermediate classes are st bound by them, and the lowest cannot be ithout them, it must be true that, constiuted as we are, conventionalities, inclusive of their absurdities, narrowing influences and pressions, are absolutely necessary to us. lentally and socially, at least, we have not outrown a child-like inclination to seize upon the maternal finger of Mrs. Grundy, and to take refuge in her ample skirts. Very often such seeking for comfort and refuge is caused by owardice and a desire for concealment, but while these two impulses are as strong in the uman make-up as they are, there will have to be a Mrs. Grundy for those who are naturally and continually timorous to slide behind, and for the bravest and least sneaking of the community to occasionally utilize as a model of virtuous propriety. The only reform to be reasonably expected within the generation to which we belong, is that people will not continually be playing the part of a babied boy, who instead of playing ball with his companions, is hanging, whining, slobbering and afraid at the apron strings of his mother. The fact, however, is to be regretted that almost without exception the most adult and capable of the sons and daughters of this whirling earth still have to escape the maternal spanking by cuddling in the lap of this caprione old Dame Grundy, who is always the mother of Hypocrisy and the stepmother of

Public opinion is a queer and immovable

Now we see it with its eyes tightly closed to about him. He decided, no doubt, that he the sins-the greedy, murderous, covetous and most heartless sins of men and communities: again the transgression of one uncertain man, or one weak woman, arouses a tempest of blood or the lifelong torture of a victim. Lookfor instance, on the incident in Kansas this week when a mob strung up to a tree a man and his wife because they were suspected of having killed a child. The mob's flerce belief in the guilt of the prisoners seems to have been irresistible; so great, in fact, that the accused woman confessed to having committed the murder. One can scarcely imagine such a wave of public opinion that innocent suspects were themselves almost convinced of their guilt! The child was found alive and unharmed, and the mob possibly felt sorry, though the chances are that they all went home, hugging to their hearts the idea that it was hatred of order to marry the woman he loved. With cal conventions the leading men of the various

could be happy with the woman he loved, even if the mother church cast him out. Miss Brady was also of opinion that the loving companionship of Father Butler would be enough. wrath only to be appeased by the shedding of They were married four years ago, two babies to them, though one child soon afterwards died. Their life was a chapter of misery, the intensity of which may be slightly appreciated when we know what penance Father Butler has elected to inflict in its stead, Their small means were soon exhausted, but no one would give him employment He He wandered with his wife into strange towns, but his identity was discovered and he was driven out. Even the job of driving a street car which he got for a few days was taken away

when by their compliance with the conventionalities imposed upon them by those in authority they are made the objects of derision Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, and John G. Shea of New York, (an eminent historian) particularly, and in a lesser degree Mayor Brown son of Detroit and a large number of other prominent gentlemen are preparing papers to be read at the Baltimore Congress of Roman Catholic laymen next November. have been required to submit their manu scripts to a committee of bishops for examination and revision. The utter absurdity was spurned by Protestant and Catholic alike. of having a convention of laymen in which nothing is to be said but that which pleases the bishop is obvious. Even the definition is a place where people meet to be told what from him when they found out that he had they believe." is not broad enough to cover such been a priest and had forsaken his vows in a farce as the one to which I refer, for in politi-

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

From the Lady's Pictorial,

the crime rather than mere passionate impulse, such surroundings it is easy to see that love | elements unite to lead the masses, while in this which had so nearly led them to murder two innocent people. A still more striking example of how impossible it is for people to run counter to established usages and the convictions of the multitude was furnished by the recent return of Father Butler to the church which had excommunicated him because while acting as assistant priest in St. Bridget's Catholic Church in Jersey City, and, in spite of his vow of celibacy, he married one Mary Theresa Brady, press their opinions, few if any of them would of the neighboring parish of St. Mary. It is announced that he will spend the remainder of his life in some monastic retreat where his days and nights will be filled with penances imposed upon him for the sin of doing what every other man feels like doing, and where his desire for companionship-woman's companionship-which is the next strongest of our impulses to that of self preservation, must be crucified every day and made more intense by the absence even of the face of his fellow man. Father Butler was a brilliant young priest and intensely popular in his parish, kind to the amples who dare not revolt against well regular meeting, and Rev. Mr. Barbour of the once being need by portion of the bring here by popular who draw large salaries and entrust the work to incompetent subordinates we should have hing sometimes; again it is a perlect cyclone. | poor and showing a loving helpfulness to those organized religious and public opinion, even Belden avenue Church created a sensation by fewer episodes of similar character to chronicle

would not be a st to survive, and when that for which he had sacrificed everything had turned to ashes on his lips he wrote to his bishop and threw himself on the mercy of the church.

There is an old, and in these later days a much discredited saying of "All for love and the world well lost," but I reckon if those who sacrifice all their world for love were to exsay that they had not made a foolish bargain. We may possibly get along without the approbation of the world we live in but we cannot nor survive if day after day is to be the history of a conflict with those who either for cause or intanse prejudice despise us and look upon us as castaways.

Referring to the phase of this question which deals with men of the highest culture and

convention of laymen, managed by ecclesiastics, the laymen are simply told they have no right to believe in anything, nor to say anything, nor to be anything but the humble disciples of those whom one might fairly presume they had intended to criticize. The Baltimore Mirror, a leading Catholic organ, protests against this ecclesiastical censorship as a piece of gratuitous meddlesomeness, and remarks: "If the laymen are only to say what the bishops permit them to say they might as well, and better, stay at home." Of course we understand that the Church claims be happy while enduring its perpetual frown that everything comes under its authority but if the laymen accept this why in the name of wind pudding do they have a Congress?

> But if this sort of thing seems strange to us Protestants, similar inconsistencies amongst those of our own faith strike our Catholic neighbors as being quite as odd. Last Monday

belief that the Scripture passages referring to such a person are figurative and not literal. The paper caused a stampede, and the brethren rose up almost as one man in a storm of unfavorable criticism akin to denunciation. cannot see why belief in a personal devil is necessary to the existence of the Baptist Church or any other church. If Christians believe in a devil "going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour," personally whispering in the ears of people and taking uninvited possession of them, they certainly should be at liberty to entertain the astounding dogma, but if some of them are which has been given of a convention, "that it unable to grasp the idea of a soot-covered gentleman, with cloven feet, horns and sulphurous breath, it does not seem to me it would impair their citizenship or detract from their belief in God. Indeed it seeins natural to those who look at it from an unconventional standpoint, that if there were such a devil the Almighty would tie him up and keep him from leading people astray. We know now much excitement has been caused by the recent escape of three dangerous burglars from Toronto jail, and the efforts which have been made for their recapture; and it is not easy for the ordinary mind to grasp why something which is very promptly attended to in our earthly economy, should be neglected by Di vinity when the person at large is seeking to do damage which is incomparably greater than burglary. We can understand, however, that if mankind were only capable of doing good we should cease to be men and should become angels, and that to be men we must have both good and bad impulses and opportunities which are always more or less at war with one another, and that thus every man is more or less his own devil. I think the doctrine of a personal devil is dangerous. It exalts the Evil Being to a position almost co-equal with God himself. In fact looking around the earth it strikes us sometimes as if the devil were the more influential of the two, if his success in directing the movements of mortals is to be accepted as a criterion. On the other hand, however, if our eyes are turned Godward we cannot fail to observe the beneficence of the Creator, and how many beautiful things and delightful experiences are offered us with no one to blame but ourselves if we reject them. I may be very heterodox on this point but I don't see what good any one would accomplish by convincing me of the existence of a monster upon whom I could lay the blame of my misdeeds. I think the personal devil idea is a half-brother to the fire and brimstone doctrine, a pagan, rather than a Christian conception of God and his plans, and I think the sooner they are both retired from the service of trying to scare people into heaven the better. If there is not good enough in the human heart to be attracted to God and goodness without the impulse of fear created by the preaching of these two hideous doctrines, there is not enough saving and evil will be its choice, anyway. And, again, there is not good enough in any mortal, nor strength enough, to resist the blandishments of the alleged personal devil were he to exert the whole of his traditional power in an attempt to lure one into crime. The devil indeed thought himself strong enough to temp! Christ, and it is historical that one of His greatest victories was in resisting the offer the Evil One made Him of "all the kingdoms of the world if He would tall down and worship him." A proposition of that kind would catch the majority of Christians in To onto, even if the amount of real estate to be veved were much smaller alleged that we have been empowered by the great victory of our Mediator to resist such emptations by saying: "Get thee behind me, Satan" and it is suggested somewhere that ne will let go his hold of us, but the pertinacity with which he is alleged to cling to those whom he proposes to ruin suggests to every mind, no matter whether i; be changed by grace or not, that somehow we have never learned properly to say these words so as to cause his Satavic majesty to take flight. Verily, if I believed in a personal devil I would pray to be kept hidden lest he might take a fancy to me, yet the Baptist preachers of Chicago feel it necessary to believe in him. Probably if I lived in Chicago and saw as much wickedness as the Baptist brethren do I would be constrained to believe likewise. It is the only reasonable explanation of their

> Speaking of the escape of those notorious criminals from Toronto jail suggests the miser able system we have of appointing political favorites or the sons of politicians to shrievalties and similar offices of trust. The sheriff's officer in charge of the prisoners was frequently warned to let no one have any communication with the desperadoes. The detectives and professional thief catchers knew what would be the result, but the warnings were of no avail. and friends of the criminals were apparently permitted to supply them with saws and tools which enabled them to escape. How different was the character of Detective Slemin, who jumped from the train in the darkness and pursued these well-known and murderous burglars, undaunted by fear of being killed, thoughtful of nothing but doing his duty! If men of that sort were sheriffs and deputy-sheriffs instead of the office being held by political favorites

Very proper indignation is being manifested by the graduates of Toronto University that, when a professor's chair is vacant, the authorities look abroad for talent rather than canvass amongst their own men for the ability and culture requisite. If the younger Canadians are always to be sat upon in this way, and colleges, which are not the peers of our University, are to be selected as the training school tor our professors, while our own University is to be held as a second-class preparatory school we cannot expect to find the enthusiasm which must exist in a successful educational center. We are getting altogether too much politics in our University, and too little national and educational self-esteem. Moreover, it is not necessary to the well-being of our educational institutions that doctors of divinity be called in to decide who is fit to teach metaphysics.

The report of Col. Gzowski and Mr. Shanly as to the E-planade problem agrees in many respects with that made by Mr. Wellington for the Board of Trade. In some of the details I think the Gzowski-Shanly report is preferable to the other, though in spite of both, many people still cling to the arch-way idea, with warehouses underneath. The railroads having become familiarized with the project, will doubtless make suggestions and supplementary plans from which the city and Citizens' Association and those concerned in the solution of this, important question can evolve a final and satisfactory scheme. It need not be feared by the citizens that the association bearing their name or the Board of Trade or the City Council are inert because they are not noisy in this matter. The affair is, I believe, being properly conducted for a permanent and thoughtful solution as regards the Esplanade, but I very much regret to see that the Don improvements and the railway entrance along the bank of the channel have not been considered in connection with the other. The more I have looked into the matter within the last few weeks the more firmly convinced am I that the bridges and railway lines crossing and parallel to the channel will have to be arranged both as to location and elevation in conjunction with the work on the Esplanade Otherwise the city will be the loser and the Don improvement will be rendered almost

The cost of neglecting in Quebec what the engineers had decided necessary has not yet been computed either in dollars or the lives which have been sacrificed. The disaster was so overwhelming that it needs no comment, and the neglect which was the cause of it is such as scarcely deserves forgiveness. The scenes in connection with it have been so harrowing that those who are responsible must find their own punishment in viewing the catastrophe which in effect they have caused.

Three score of our leading citizens have pe titioned for the use of the Board of Trade council chamber with the idea of considering the advisability of organizing a company for the construction, in a central location, of a modern first-class, fire-proof hotel. They urge that, "The commercial importance of the city of Toronto seems to demand that we have in addition to our already comfortable hotels-s hotel of larger proportions and constructed upon the latest principles known to architectural science for the comfort and convenience of its guests." W. D. Matthews, president of the Board of Trade, has appointed Tuesday. October 1, eight o'clock p.m., as a convenient date and hour for the holding of the meeting and it is to be hoped that the project will meet with the approbation of business people and

### Social and Personal.

The rumors to which I alluded last week, have taken definite form : the when and the where of the first dance of the season is no longer doubtful, and cards are out for the event. There are but few among Toronto stesses who are as capable of presiding on so important an occasion as Mrs. Nordheimer, while there is hardly another house in the city that is more admirably adapted to a ball than Glenedyth, her fine residence on the Rosedale heights. The number of debutantes is said to be even larger this year than last. The night of was bitterly cold, with the sleighing excellent, and the drive from town and home again, was not the least pleasant part of a very delightful how few of the same people will be at Glenshould rejoice that so few of the belles of 1885 | shaded lijacs. are still with us, at least in a single state, for here is evidence that the matrimonial market of Toronto is a good one. Mrs. Nordheimer's cards name 8.30 as the hour, but I shall be surprised if her guests so far depart from their a most invariable rule as to put in an appearance much before ten.

Government House at the end of this week,

resident here, was in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew McNaught of Rosedale have returned to town after an absence of Scotland but have also traveled in France, Switzerland and Italy.

Mr. Charles Bryant of London, England, was n town this week.

The Messrs. Coleman of Wisconsin have been staying with friends on John street, and must have found Toronto as pleasant a place, socially, as have formerly so many of their

Mr. Reginald Thomas, the Parisian, was in town last week. Mr Thomas does not seem to ton, has returned to the city to resume her be absorbed by the fascinations of his present | vocal studies with Mr. Torrington.

place of abode, and frequently revisits his

Mr. and Mrs. Durant of Parkdale have returned to town. They came out by the White Star Line. The greater part of their time on the other side of the Atlantic was spent in

Dr. Colin Campbell of Carbrooke, Queen's Park, has returned from New York and will spend some weeks in town. Dr. Campbell talks of leaving for England next month, in order to practice his profession in the Old Country.

Mr. Rooke of Detroit, Mich., has been staying with relations in town. Mr. Rooke left on Saturday for Montreal.

Mr. Pinhorn, a brother of Mrs. J. K. Kerr, has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Kerr at Rathnelly. Mr. Pinhorn has been ranching in the far west. If the faculty of sitting a horse to perfection goes towards a proper undernding of the right way to breed and sell the animal, Mr. Pinhorn should succeed, as many an assistant at former riding parties will

Mr. Napier Robinson of Belleville has been spending a few days at Sleepy Hollow. Mr. Robinson must be becoming reconciled to his present place of residence, for his visits to his native city are few and far between.

Miss Carpmael, a niece of Prof. Carpmael of the Observatory, has come out from England It is to be hoped that the lady may be enabled to direct the efforts of the learned "clerk of the weather" in the right way, and that, by her aid, "Old Probs." may deal gently with us in the coming winter.

And, talking about winter, I hear that Mr. R. Fox, the honorary secretary of the Toronto Sleighing Club and the mainstay of that institution, leaves shortly for England for a stay of some months. I hope that it will be possible to find a substitute only half as efficient as this gentleman in his important official duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Gordon and the Misses Gordon have returned to town after a long journey to and from the western coast, and after a thorough exploration of British Columbia. A voyage to Alaska has also been included in the travels of this lady and gentle-

Professor Hutton of the Toronto University, and Mrs. Hutton, arrived this week from England cia Montreal, and are once more in occupation of their house in the Queen's Park.

Mr. Sedgewick of Harrow College, England,

Mr. Symonds has left for Montreal, where he will reside for the future; thus will be missing a face long familiar in Toronto society.

There has been of late a lack of those engage ments in which society is especially interested. There was a great rush of them in the spring, but many desirable partis have yet to find their

The Metropolitan Church was well-filled Wednesday at noon, to witness the marriage of Mr. J. W. Fraser of the Bank of Toronto, to Miss Florence Maud Cook. The ceremony was performed by Rev. LeRoy Hooker, the bride being given away by her father. After the cereony the guests, numbering about a hundred and fifty, repaired to the house of the bride's father, where the splendidly-appointed wedding breakfast awaited them. The house was decorated throughout with flowers; the drawing-room mantel was a bank of roses, and the vestibule entrance was draped with a flag-a relic which belonged to Mr. Cook's father, Capt. Cook, and festooned with maple, shamrock, rose and thistle.

The bride's handsome toilette was white uchesse satin. The train and bodice were heavily brocaded in silver. Plain satin formed the petticoat, which was draped with point ace, caught with sprays of jasmine and orange buds. The veil was point lace of an exquisitely delicate pattern. The bride carried a fan, a present from an English friend, which was made to match the wedding-gown; the pearl Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Mr. of them. If I am not mistaken, it is nearly me-nots. The bridesmaids' dresses were Diand several others. five years since Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer gave | rectoire-cream Henrietta and duchesse satin, their last ball. I remember the night well ; it trimmed with yellow velvet. Their hats were tinsel, the garniture being yellow chrysanthemums; and they carried wands, tipped with bouquets of the same yellow flowers, and deccevening. But when I begin to recall the names rated with yellow ribbons. Mrs. Cook's toilof those who were present, and to consider ette of heliotrope duchesse satin was made with court train of moire; the petticoat was edyth next Tuesday, I am led to mourn that of plain satin with panel of crystal steel and the life of a society belle in Toronto is, compar. pearls, and the bodice matched the panel. A

Among the wedding presents are two pieces of exquisitely wrought needlework-a piano cloth and table cover. The material is peacock blue plush, the design being carried out in bullion and silk cord. It would be an almost endless task to name each of the presents. Among • them I noticed a set of pearl-handled fruit
Miss Campbell left town again last week for knives from Miss May Cook, a solid brass piano Strathallan, but was expected to return to lamp from one of the ushers, a silver service, one of Mr. Cook's presents, also a case of silver handled knives; a drawing-room lamp from Mr. G. E. Drummond of Montreal, a former Mr. and Mrs. Cosgrain of Montreal; handpainted oyster set, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty: a handsome marble-topped table, Mr. and Mrs. McArthur; a large marble clock, Mr. and Mrs. nearly two years. Mr. and Mrs. McNaught have spent most of their time in England and Doulton, Worcester and Old Derby, and a Gilmore of Quebec; a musical box, Mr. and great deal of silver and fancy work. A check from the bride's uncle, and an English phaeton from Mr. and Mrs. Fraser of England, were two very useful and handsome presents.

> The Earl and Countess of Meath have been in the city this week. On Wednesday his lordship addressed a meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society which was held at Erlescourt, the beautiful residence of Major and Mrs. Foster.

Miss Price, daughter of Judge Price, Kings-

A fashionable wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Cobourg, last Saturday, when Mr. Edmund Bristol, barrister of this city, was married to Miss Mary Dorothy Armour, third daughter of Chief Justice Armour. A large number of guests and friends were in attend

His many friends will regret to hear that Mr. G. Mercer Adam is still suffering from the effect of the accident he received several months ago by spraining his knee. He is still unable to walk out.

At the wedding of Mr. Fred C. Anderson of the Postoffice Department, Ottawa, in All Saints' Church on September 19, briefly noticed in this column last week, the bride wore an elegant dress of white satin and lace veil and orange blossoms. She was attended by her cousin Miss Kathleen Kerr, Miss Anderson, sister of the groom, and Miss Nita Douglass. These young ladies were attired in charming costumes of cream and pink china silk, with large tulle hats to match, and carried bouquets of pink roses. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Ernest Anderson of the Dominion Bank, and the ushers were Mr. Grey, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Godden, and Mr. George Kerr of the Bank of Montreal, London. The bride was given away by her uncle Mr. W. H. C. Kerr. Among the guests were noticed: Mrs. Bate, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson of Ottawa, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis of Peterboro', Mr. Barrow, M. P., of Lindsay, Mr. and Mrs. Wood of Guelph, Mr. and Mrs. Dawson Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. C. Kerr, Miss Constance Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. George Kerr, the Misses Ida and Stella Kerr, Mrs. Albert Austin, Miss Adele Austin of Winnipeg, Mr. and Mrs. Smith, Capt. Douglass and Mrs. Milloy of Niagara, Mr. and Mrs. Bleasdell, Mr. and Mrs. Paul von Szeliski, the Misses Thompson, and others. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to the residence of the bride's mother on Church street, where an elegant dinner was served and the many handsome presents in-spected, after which the happy couple left on their honeymoon tour.

An interesting event took place at Glen Cottage, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Thompson, sr., on Howard street, last Friday evening. The occasion was the gathering of all their ten sons under the parental roof together for the first time in 22 years. Since the last occasion various members of the family have been residents of England, Scotland, New Zealand, Manitoba and half a dozen states of the Union pushing their fortunes, and all more or less successfully.

Mr. W. L. Conolly of Montreal has been spending a few days in town.

Messrs. Albert Stewart and R. Conolly, who ave been visiting Guelph, returned to town last Saturday.

Miss Annette Saunders of Guelph, who has just returned from her brother's wedding in Montreal, is staying with her cousin, Mrs. Conolly of Henry street.

Mrs. and Miss Greet of Gerrard street have returned from the Pacific coast.

The marriage of Miss Mabel Heward and Mr. Bruce Williams will take place about the middle of October.

Mr. Hume Blake and Miss Manning's nuptials will take place in January next.

The Misses Seymour of Port Hope intend residing here for the fall and winter, and will prove a valuable acquisition to Toronto's so

Mr. and Mrs. John Pearson left this week for a short visit to New York and Boston.

It is understood that Mrs. Bankes will not leave Toronto, as was rumored a short time ago, for San Remo. She will be in town all

A very excellent dinner party was given at Mrs. J. K. Kerr's residence, Rathnelly, a week ago, comprising the following guests: Col. and

atively, so brief and butterily-like. Perhaps I bonnet of white crepe de soie trimmed with guest of the Misses Mackay of North Mutual

evidently pleased the audience, which evinced its appreciation by repeated recalls. The programme comprised selections on 'cello, violin and plano, as well as the vocal solos.

Miss Hatch of Whitby is in the city visiting Mrs. E. A. Fletcher of Yorkville avenue.

Mrs. J. M. Crowly has returned from a ten weeks' trip to Europe, greatly improved in

Would A. C. C., author of the short story entitled Not Too Late, (An April Idyl), published in SATURDAY NIGHT several weeks ago please send name and address to the editor,

BARRIE.

The following items were unavoidably crowded out of last week's issue:

On Thursday afternoon, September 12, Mrs. Percy Nellis gare a charming At Home, on the eve of her leaving for Woodstock, where they intend to reside. Mr. and Mrs. Nellis will be greatly, missed in society here. Among those present were: Mrs. Henry Strathy, Mrs. Whish, Mrs. J. L. McCarthy, Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mrs. B. Nicholson, Mrs. D. Spry, Mrs. Brd, Mrs. B. Nicholson, Mrs. D. Spry, Mrs. Brd, Mrs. B. Nicholson, Mrs. D. Holmes, Miss Hewett, Miss Heiner, Mrs. McKeggie, Miss Baker, and others.

Woodlands, the summer resort of Mr. D. Crawford of St. Louis, presented a very gav appearance on Thursday evening, September 12, when Mrs. Crawford gave an At Home for a number of young people. This residence being about three miles from town, some drove; others went by the steam yacht Sea Flower, and had a most enjoyable trip, both going and returning. The music and supper were all that could be wished, and dancing was kept up until 3 a.m. Those whom I noticed were Mrs. J. Forsyth, Mrs. Hill of St. Louis, Miss Ramsay, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. E. Mitchell, Miss May Buchan of Toronto, the Misses Mason, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. T. Boys, Mr. W. and Miss Edith Spotton, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. F. and the Misses Stevenson, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Mr. Gillett, Mr. T. Crease, Miss Holmes, Mr. Geo. Fraser, the Misses Henderson, Miss Fleming, Dr. W. A. Ross, the Misses McConkey, Miss McLean, Dr. H. and Miss McLazgan of Brooklyn, Mr. W. and Miss McLazgan of Brooklyn, Mr. A. Dyment, Mr. W. Cameron, Mr. Meeking, Mr. A. Forsyth and others. On Saturday, Sept. 14, a great number of ladies and gentlemen were seen wending their way to the Barrie Tennis Club lawn, where a very interesting match was played between Mr. R. C. Gillett and Mr. W. A. Boys for the championship of Barrie. After nearly two ladies and gentlemen were seen wending their way to the Barrie Tennis Club lawn, where a very interesting match was played between Mr. R. C. Gillett and Mr. W. A. Boys for the championship of Barrie. After nearly two hours' of skilful playing by both, the honors were awarded to Mr. Boys. Among those who witnessed the game were Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Judge Boys, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. S. Lount, Mr. J. Cotter, Mr. Spotton, Mr. E. and Miss Kortright, Miss Alice Foster, Miss Reiner, Mr. T. R. and Miss Boys, Miss Hornsby, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Miss Bertie Stewart, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. H. McVittie, Miss Birdle Mason, Mr. E. R. Morton, the Misses Baker, Miss Helen Bird, Miss May Spry, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. L. McCarthy, Miss Spotton, Miss May Buchan, Miss Forsyth, Mr. A. Dyment, Miss K. Stevenson, Mr. Geo. Fraser, and many others.

Mrs. B. Nicholson of Cosynook gave an At Home on Tuesday afternoon, September 17. Owing to the inclemency of the weather not as many were present as might have been, but those who did avail themselves of this pleasure seemed to have spent a delightful afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson are leaving Barrie and will be missed very much by their triends here. The latter has always been a favorite in musical circles as well as a great acquisition.

OCULAIRE.

Mrs. George D. Dickson gave a five o'clock tea to her friends, on her usual reception day (Friday), between the hours of five and eight. The spacious parlors were well filled. Refreshments were served in the dining-room. The table was beautifully arranged, and presented quite a picture.

Miss Annie Wills gave a small party on Friday evening at Hillcrest, for Mrs. H. Wills of Guelph, and Miss Marian Daly of Kingston. Supper was served at one o'clock. Dancing was indulged in and enjoyed, although the evening was very warm.

wening was very warm.
Mr. Willie Lingham has returned to the city.
Miss Edith Terrill left on Tuesday for Rome,

Mrs. Benjamin has had the handsome trophy

Mrs. Berjamin has had the handsome trophy photographed which was presented to her by her deceased son's friends in Omaha, Neb.
Miss Sarah Dickson is camping at Presqu' Isle with a party of friends.
Mrs. H. Wills has gone to Kingston with her sister, Miss M. Daly, to visit her relatives there. Mr. H. Wills has returned to Guelph after a most enjoyable holiday at his home.
Mrs. Ranney of Peterborough is the guest of Mrs. C. Wilkins.
Mr. Allan Grannam is convalescent.

BRANTFORD. Brantford has been all but deserted for the past two or three months, but gradually the people are beginning to return from their summer holidays at the seaside, or the Muskoka lakes, or other summer resorts, and now the town is quite lively again, and the air is filled with rumors of parties and weddings, promising well for a gay season.

with rumors of parties and weddings, promising well for a gay season.
Woodburn, the handsome residence of Mrs. J. Kerr Osborne, presented a brilliant appearance on Wednesday evening, September 18. It being the first anniversary of their wedding day, Mr. and Mrs. Osborne gave a magnificent ball to their many friends. The decorations were beautiful. Wreaths of smilax hung from the chandliers and festooned the doorways, and great banks of palms and tropical plants in the large halls and reception rooms formed effective backgrounds for some beautiful statuary. The veranda was curtained in and also artistically decorated with flowers and statuary, forming a decorated with flowers and statuary, forming a delightful promenade and also the entrance to

s ago, comprising the following guests: Col, and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatriek of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Hill of London, England, and several others.

A very charming dinner was given at Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly's residence, Sumach street, a few evenings ago, for Major Rolph, a brother of Mrs. O'Reilly's, Among those present were the Mrs. O'Reilly's o'Reilly No. O'Reilly No. O'Reilly's o'Reilly No. O'Reilly's Italian orchestra of Toronto, was delightful. The officers of the Dufferin Rifles and of the Thirteenth who were present wore the uniform of their corps and added much to the brill ance

of the scene.
On Saturday, September 21, the Brantford Canoe Club held their second annual regatta on Lovejoy's pond. In spite of the unpleasant weather a number of people were present. The race of the day was the gentlemen's tandem between the Messrs, McKendric of Galt, and Messrs, Alex, Mackeuzie and H. Frank of Brantford, which was won by the latter in ten minutes and one second, and Brantford is not a little proud of the success of her boys.

MOUNT FOREST.
The marriage of Miss Kate McMullen, only

LATEST WALTZES

FOR YOU- on Sydney Smith's Song....(May Ostlerc) 600 FIDDLE AND I-on Goodeve's Song... (O'to Roeder) 60e MIA BELLA .....(Otto Roeder) 600 SUNSHINE AND SHADE ..... (Theo. Bonheur) 600 LOVE'S GOLDEN DREAM (250,000 so'd) "

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For Sale by all Music Dealers, or o. **EDWIN ASHDOWN** 

Anglo-Canadi n Music Publishers' Association, 13 Richmond Street West.

FOR AN

### Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a halfdollar, with plain polished case and monogram on frons-back, will be sure to please. I have just received some

## E. BEETON

Figh Grade Watch Specialist Opposite Post Office NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

MOST PALATIAL STEAMSHIP LINE ExpressSteamer service twice a week from New York to Southampton, Havre, London and Bre-WINTER RATES NOW IN FORCE

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

Billon Bros

Have received and are showing now a magnificent lot of new

### SCARFS AND TIES

in all the

Newest Shapes, Designs and Colorings made for us especially by

WELCH, MARGETSON & CO. Also all the Newest Styles in their Collars to hand.

Fine Goods at Moderate Prices

## 69 King Street West MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST Is now showing a choice and varied assortment o

New Millinery Goods

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, eing under able management.

### MISSES E. & H. JOHNSTON

122 KING STREET WEST,

OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE.

Miss Johnston has returned from Paris, London and New York with a full line of

Novelty Dress Goods and Trimmings DISPLAY OF

PATTERN HATS AND BONNETS



These goods are now being opened. THE FINEST DIAMOND RING

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Ever offered in the Dominion for #20.

Sent by registered post to any address in Canada on receipt of price and size; which includes a handsome box. Address J. FRED WOLTZ, Diamond Briker, 17 Leader lane, Torouto,

## SCARFS

All Summer Scarfs Must Go

SEE OUR PRICES

One lot, Two for 25c., also a line at 25c. each, and our best goods at 50c. each.

Selling Very Fast

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ROOM 1, 55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST, TORONTO.

Gold and Silver-Wholesale and Retail

Black I hats of v Dame Fa the opini ple than comes be there wer frills han and I can The ma braided, i all variet Pretty of a coron

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LLOYD SHIP LINE week from New Indon and Bre FORCE

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A Visit to an Indian Village.

Across Lake Couchiching, and just a short reserve on which live some three hundred Indians. We landed there a few days ago, and as the whistle blew the Indian boys came just been taken from the ground. as the whistle blew the Indian boys came racing down over the stony hill from all directions, to the shaky little wharf. One boy with a droll side glance to his companion, asked if the Great Spirit were not coming at that so far ordinary: but in the front was set an whistle. We proceeded up the hill, many eyes watching us, for an arrival is always an event there, and came to a fairly large stone church being remarkably pretty, and the idea could be with a steeple and some bit of shining stuff near the top of it that I knew must delight the Indian heart. At the doors of many of the diminutive houses we saw the dark women, washing, wringing, drying clothes, and ever and anon turning to chide, in muffled tones, a child who came too near the swaying elbows. We walked on, and out from behind one of the huts came the most savage looking specimen of man I ever saw. He was old and bent and tottering. His feet were bare, his scanty clothes ragged and dirty. The hair hung in grizzled masses over the face and ears, almost obscuring the narrow, wrinkled fore head. You can have no idea of the furrows of that face, or of the unintellectuality of the eyes that peered from behind the hanging hair. We gazed. We spoke. He answered nothing, but crossing feebly his little yard, took up an old axe, and deigning no glance at us, prepared a stick or two of wood for his evening fire. We could not look too long at such a spectacle for fear of growing despondent over the cause of humanity. As if to off set such gloomy forebodings, our eyes fell at this moment on the most pleasing contrast to what they had just seen. An old man, and on crutches, but such a bright, intelligent face, such a courteous smile and lifting of the cap! We were in the presence of Pah-tah-sega, an ex-chief. He offered to show us the village, and first took us to see a side-walk that was being made-a rude enough affair-two unplaned boards, but the pleasure in his voice as he pointed it out to us and said, "good side-walk-goo od sidewalk," made up for all deficiencies. He began now to tell us what he loves most of all to talk about—his presentation to Queen Victoria. It was many years ago, but his memory has preserved every detail. It gave us keen pleasure to hear how the monarch of the Empire met the monarch of one of her own forest tribes. The old man said. "I was taken along from one hall to another, until we came to an immense room very large-and away down at the other side of it sat a little woman, very quietly dressed in black. They told me that was the Queen. I could scarcely believe it. I had looked for grand jewels, magnificent robes-this little woman, so plainly dressed the Queen! But I approached slowly, I bowed low. Was she proud and haughty? No. She talked so kindly to me, she say she so glad to meet the

Pah-tah-sega told us too of his speech in Exeter Hall, "when all the great lords and dukes were present." He said: "Some one Love in Muskoka.

Love in Muskoka.

Love in Muskoka.

Love in Muskoka.

It was at Spirit Lake, at the very limit of the pier. They were all alone. There was no moon, but the stars were big and bright and so full of self-conceit that they looked at themselves in the water and winked. Far out a boat slid noiselessly along. In a nearer boat a fair tenor voice carelessly half hummed, half sang a common love song. From the hotel care moved and then the twang of a mandolin. On such a night as this did Dido stand upon the wild sea bank and wave her love to come again a little time by picking it up. But do If No, no. One of those attendants, he have it before it hardly reach the floor. He hand it to me. I think my chance is over! Hook at my audience which now swim before my eyes, I open my mouth again and, praised be God, the words come out in a trocp, and I speak for two hours, as I never speak before. Peter took us to his house and his courtesy to his guests could have been excelled by no gentleman of the old school.

MARGARET.

DEAR MCLLIE,—In a Paris letter to a London

DEAR MCLLIE,—In a Paris letter to a London

Love in Muskoka.

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"A little, answered Alicia, tenderly. "I know all about the Big Bear and I can find the North Star; she breathed as one who lid not care.

"Alicia leaned toward him. "I don't know w

DEAR MCLLIE,—In a Paris letter to a London journal, a correspondent says she is so glad that felt hats are to be worn this year, and then goes off into extravagant rhapsodies over the wide-brimmed hats, which can be bent into such "cunning" and "becoming" shapes. "Feathers," she assures us, are all the rage, for trimming; and black is to enter intocombination with almost every color. Black braids are to be used for dress and mantle decoration, and the state of the stat used for dress and mantle decoration, and black feathers for hat garniture; while I fancy that black furs will be seen oftener than they were last year.

Well, the sombre hue is becoming to almost everyone, when cheeks are red with rage at Jack Frost's salutations, so we need not com

Black lace is to be used on fall and winter hats of velvet, "drooping over the 11m," says Dame Fashion; and with all due reverence to the opinion of the old lady who rules more peo-ple than any crowned head—I don't like it. The church at home-my home and yourscomes back to me, where, a few years ago, there were any number of black hats with lace frills hanging over their brims like untidy veils and I can see no beauty in them.

The mantles and jackets are braided, braided, braided, in self colors, in black, in gold, and in all varieties of puzzling patterns.

Pretty little bonnets for the opera are made of a coronet of flowers or fruit, a little puffed tulle, and a few loops of ribbon. The flower bonnets are dainty and rather new, but the creation of flowers with tulle and ribbon tucked in as an afterthought seems to be spoken more kindly of.

Have you seen the cute little watches about the size of a quarter. Aren't they pratty? The gold ones with the hunting cases are, of course, the nicest, but the steel ones in the same size would look well with an oxydized chain, or set a leather bracelet. Speaking of leather bracelets-they are an odd whim. are they not? but, Mollie, there is a suggestion of work in

for a long time is—a parsnip. It is made of white china-silk, filled with bran and sachet powder. Fasten some green chenille or arasene at the top for leaves, tack some twisted white rayellings at the bottom for roots, and then a few stitches of brown silk, or touches with the brush, will make your parsnip look as if it had just been taken from the ground.

I saw a novel sofa pidow to day. It was an exquisite shade of electric blue. It was satin; sail from Orillia, is the village of Rama, around which are several hundred acres of an Indian ravellings at the bottom for roots, and then a

I saw a novel sofa pillow to day. It was an exquisite shade of electric blue. It was satin; oblong piece of brocatelle in shades of blue, being remarkably pretty, and the idea could be carried out in other materials with equally good effect. Till next week believe me

Your sincere friend, CLIP CAREW.

### A-Chestnutting.

A. hestnutting with Madge I went, And took her basket on my arm; She was the sweet embodiment Of innocence that knows no harm.

I chaffed the sq tirrel that we met, Helped her at fences saftly o'er; The playful chip nunk won't forget How close we followed to his door.

Our baskets with plump nuts we piled, I filled her apron with them, too; And when I shook the tree, she smiled To think how fast our harvest grew.

How clear, upon that autumn day, The sky's expanse of cloudless space; We loitered on our homeward way— A sunny smile lit up her face.

Taking two chestnuts from our store
We tried the philop as a lot.
I think it pleased her all the more
To find that I its favor got.

"What gift," she asked, "must I procure?" And, hinting what my heart had planned, I answered: "Love, which shall endure—" And so I won her heart and hand!

Satisfaction Demanded.



Baseballist-Say, be you de editor of this

paper?
Editor-I am. What can I do for you?
Baseballist-Why, in de report o' de game 'tween de Bowsers an' de Soakers, yer charged tree errers agin Mugsey de short stop; I'm Mugsey, an' I want yer tercorrect it on der fust page o' tomorrars paper. See?-Life,

### More to Come.

More to Come.

A lawyer who was consulted by a young woman from the country in regard to a breach of promise case, asked her if she had any letters to put in evidence.

"Why, yes, I believe I have," she replied. She was told to send them in, that he might look them over, and in a day or two he got a package on which was written, "I can't find but these fourteen hundred just now, but will hunt up the balance this week."

A Good Opportunity.

Mrs. Gibjabber-O dear! I've got a pain in my mouth.

Mr. Gibjabber—For goodness sake, don't let it drop out. Hold it in till I get some putty.

Didn't Want His Head Re-nude.

Barber-You ought to use some of my patent hair renewer. Starts the hair out wonderful, sir. Mr. Baldman-Does, eh? Well, I want to

Equal to the Occasion.

keep in all I have left.

Governess (to small boy)—Now, Harry, will ou name three wild beasts of the desert i Harry—Two lions and one tiger.

The Bloom Was High.

First Tramp (after a fruitless raid on a hencoop)—Bill, I wonder what made that blamed rooster fall off his perch and commence to crow so loud?

Second Tramp—You forgot cover up your nose and he thought it was sunrise.

A Modern Tyrant.

regard to the carrying of so substantial an ornament, that makes me cling to my chain and a watch pocket.

The prettiest hanging pin cushion I have seen

The prettiest hanging pin cushion I have seen

### BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, oneisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE For Manufacturing New Designs in Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches

### 77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King WOOD CARVING

Private lessons to Ladies by an experienced carver fron ondon, Eng. Address H. BERNARDI, 702 Queen Street West, Toronto

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OFIGINAL 75c STRENGTH

Why say \$1 for ord nay Beef, Iron and Wine when you can save 25 per cent, a d get the improved Beef, Iron and Cocoa Wine? Recommended by physicians and sale by all the leading d ug ists.

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DE . ICIOUS! NUTRITIOUS! CURATIVE 'An Unequalled Food Preparation for Young and Old.'

"I believe I could quote a thousand men who are now alive on the earth, who have been restored to health through the use of this FO D. Whin everything else Liled them they found in the use of Granula the very medicament, if so It may be called, their system needed. "Founder of 'Our Home on the Hillside."

THE GEO. W. SHAVER CO.'S SPECIALTY HOUSE Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge St. and 2 Louisa St.



DORENWEND'S Paris Hair Works and Beauti-fying Bazaar 103 and 105 Yonge Street

A. E. FAWCETT CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO. 67 King Street West

Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately ompounded. Telephone No. 73 SELLING OFF HAIR GOODS

### 407 Yonge Street 407 Will sell OUT until the 10th of October, a HAIR GOODS

Bangs, natu.al curled hair, any style, from Switches, with stamp. Switches, short stamp, all long hair. Switches, short stamp, 24 inches long hair Switches, short stamp, 28 inches long hair Switches, short stamp, 30 inches long hair Gray switches, with stamp. Gray switches, with stamp.

All other styles as Wigs, Bandeaux, Gentlemen's Wig and Toupees at cost price. Ladies should not fail to see these bargains of Hal-Goods at ARMAND'S HAIR STORE

407 Youge Street 407 South of Y. M. C. A. Buildings, Tor





J. & J. LUGSDIN

Hatters and Furriers 101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

## EARLY FALL GOODS W. A. MURRAY & CO.

Have now opened 250 cases of British and Foreign Novelties for the Early Fall Trade, con sisting of Silks, Velvets, Plushes, French Dress Goods, Fancy Flannels, Lace Goods, Fress Trimmings, Fancy Ribbons, Mantles, Jackets, Ulsters, Wraps, Children's Mantles, Olcakings, Shawls, Skirts, Corsets, Children's Dresses and Fancy Goods of every description. Early inspection invited by

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

**FURS** FURS! JAMES HARRIS & CO.

99 Yonge Street

Are now showing a magnificent range of BOAS AND MUFFS in all Rare and Fashionable Furs. Our large full BLACK BEAR BOA AND MUFF AT \$25 a set is the best value ever offered for the money. We make a specialty of

### Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets

and will quote them at reduced prices during September. Our Illustrated Catalogue, containing over 100 cuts of different styles of Fur Garments, mailed free on application.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

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The Light Running Do-mestic Sewing Machine.

WILLIAMSON 677 Queen St. West.



STOVEL & CO.

LADIES' TAILORS COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION



FALL TERM RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 2.

For circulars address J. M. Crowly, Proprietor and Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada.

H.S. MORISON & CO. 218 Yonge Street

Stylish Tailor-made Jackets, Russian Circulars, Fall Wraps, &c.

CHILDREN'S MANTLES A SPECIALTY

CHILDREN'S CLOAKS, JACKETS AND ULSTERS from two years up. MAIDS' ULSTERS, PALETOTS, &c., &c.

DIRECT FROM PARIS A very choice assortment of fine Mantle Cloths in handsome Brocades and Plain.

DRESS FINE GOODS

In Combinations, Broches and Parisian Bolders

Just Opened-Some elegant Broche Combinations and the new ROYAL VENETIAN CLOTHS, the LATEST NOVELTY FOR TAILOR-MAIE SUITS. The above are confined exclusively to our own trade

DRESS AND MANTLE-MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART S ORY.

## Luck In Odd Numbers.

By GADEN CROFYART.

CHAPTER I.

CHAPTER I.

A wild, blustering day in November! The rain is coming down in torrents, a sharp wind is scattering the brown faded leaves about the ground and splashing the water drops from the boughs, down upon the luckless chickens huddled beneath, the water dances out of the eaves-pipe into the barrel, like a troop of merry children just let loose from school. The wind sweeps round the house, making the bare, sapless branches of the vines tap noisily against the windows. All the bright, warm colors of autumn have gone and the sere dreariness of November takes their places. Night comes on; the wind dies away in low moans and walls, and the dry leaves left on the trees rustle and shudder as the cold, pallid moon looks down upon a lonely figure struggling up the hill; a woman, with a child hugged close to her breast and panting with every step. She passes by the little cottage on the brow of the hill without asking for admittance and goes on to the large house at the end of the lane.

For a long time afterward it was a source of

For a long time afterward it was a source of For a long time afterward it was a source of wonder to the villagers that she, so tired and footsore, had gone by Miss Pringle's. Who can say? Perhaps the instinct which promp's dumly animals to distinguish between those that love them and those that do not, had influenced the poor, wretched creature to choose the protectives who would show pity.

"How do, Mrs. Waldy?" cried Miss Pringle, the next morning, to a neighbor who was passing, "have you heard the latest news?"
"Why, no! what's happened now?" queried the woman, as she laid down her pails and advanced nearer to the gate over which the vil-

the woman, as she laid down her pairs and advanced nearer to the gate over which the village gossip hung.

"Oh, well, pr'aps 'taint no business of mine and I hadn't oughter tell it."

The speaker paused as if debating whether she should allow her friend to taste the spicy morsel, at which she herself had been nibbling for an hour or so, but Mrs. Waldy's curiosity was now tickled and before long, after teasing on her part and parleying on Miss Pringle's, the story came out.

"I don't know as how it all happened 'zactly. but anyway last night—wasn't it a screeching night though! Why I hardly slep' a wink, and—" She was here forcibly reminded that time was flying, so she continued: "Well, as I was sayin', last night a poor creetur foun' her way to Miss Babcock's, up at the house you know, and they took her in, her an' her baby, an' she died this mornin' early, an' left the chile to Miss Babcock. But just wait now," as he listener eagerly attempted to speak, "what name do you think she give that onfortunitchie afore she went off? Why Hilliary or some sich jargon! Who ever heard of a name like that, I'd like to know!" As Miss Pringle stopped to take breath, Mrs. Waldy managed to ask the name of her informant, and being told that it was Sally, Miss Babcock's own girl, she went away satisfied, and soon the story was common property.

These two ladies were the stay and prop of vas common property.

told that it was Sally, Miss Babcock's own girl, she went away satisfied, and soon the story was common property.

These two ladies were the stay and prop of the village: the originators of all the excitement of which the little town could boast. What would small community do if the course of the great wheel of scandal and gossip were arrested, with all its pleasant out-butting spokes of mean speeches, hard words, petty falsehoods, ill-savored stories! Why the village would soon be worth nothing.

Not long after the foregoing dialogue or rather monologue had taken place, Miss Babcock drove past in her pony-carriage. She was going into W——, of which Betworth was a suburb, to buy flannel for the little one who had been so suddenly thrust upon her care, for kind-hearted Charity Babcock had no thought of sending away the child; her warm, motherly heart rejoiced in having some one dependent on her love, and when she felt the warm clasp of baby arms about her neck and the soft kisses from baby lips, she almost realized the depth of a mother's love. The child Hilary was not an infant as Miss Pringle thought, but a little girl of three years, and already gave promise of beauty — bright brown eyes, which shone like stars from out of their dusky depths, were shaded by straight, dark eyebrows, a straight little nose, a red little mouth, a firm little chin; in short, a little brunette. The purchases were made and arrangements settled about the funeral and Miss Charity drove back. Most of the men at Betworth worked at the great brickyards, which lay just outside of the city limits, and through this dingy place Miss Babcock had to go. After passing through the large gate the road skirts the woods for a short distance, then breaks through the trees and ascends a hill. On one side is the oak grove, on the other the firs taper to fine points, the dead brown of their cones blending harmoniously with the shining green branches. The road winds round and round as if longing to encircle the woods in its grayp, but, defeated of its p

Miss Babcock's home.

The house itself is square and dotted with
m.ny windows, a broad verandah softens the
angles of three sides, and from the fourth
stretches a long, low wing of outhouses and
summer kitchens. All through the pleasant
weather the great front door stands open and from it one looks into a roomy square hall, with which the narrow staircase seems incon-gruous. To the left is a drawing-room, a chamwith which the narrow staircase seems incongruous. To the left is a drawing-room, a chamber rarely opened. The walls are papered with pale brown, and imaginary pillars in a deeper shade of the same color reach from floor to ceiling. Between each column is a wide space in which most unlifelike representations of the Grecian divinities are pictured. The chairs, which are few and far between, are covered with gaudy chintz to preserve the faded glories of the once gay upholstery. The family Bible, surmounted by all wing crocheted mat and a green and purple vase, rests in the centre of the round table, and Dr. Chase's receipt-book, How to be Happy Though Married, and a two year old calendar are ranged at equal distances round the edge. Fortunately for the comfort and happiness of the inmates, the other rooms are not like this one. As Miss Babcock neared the Pringle domicile, the lady of the house came out.

"Well, have you bin seein about gettin that chile inter the work'us?" she piped in her shrill voice.
"No." returned the other courteously, "I am

going to keep the baby."
"And bring her up as a servant?" inquired the old woman, unable to keep her curiosity in vo," replied Miss Babcock, as an "adopt-

ed daughter."
"Daughter!" screamed Miss Pringle, "Charity Babcock, has all your sinses bin, gone an' left you? What do you know bout her folks anyhow?"

anyhow?"
"I have all the necessary proofs of poor Mrs.
Camden's respectability," replied the lady, as
she gathered up the reins and drove on up the
lane, but her interrogator stood with open

mouth. "Well, fools will be fools, I suppose, she muttered, "but I will say that never in all my life, did I see sich a right, utter-down piece of foolery. Foundlin'-chilern allus brings bad luck," and she hobbled back to her chair, grunting and groaning over the poor fools of this world.

world.
"Call her Hilary," the mother had said with a cynical smile, "her life will be so happy," and gentle Miss Babcock missed the sarcasm, and did her best to make the child's life an illustra-

tion of the name. She succeeded, for Hilary grew up as innocent and light hearted a child as could be.

But for all that, she had some traits which Miss Charity rightly concluded to have been derived from her mother—a passionate temper, a proud intolerance of anything mean or wicked. "I have stolen, rather than begged, for my child," the dying woman had said and Charity feared that the daughter's pride was but a reflection of the mother's.

When Hilary was about sixteen years of age, the lady who had taught at the old schoolhouse for years, left and the trustees were in what Miss Pringle called a "screw." After applications from and refusals to almost every newly-emancipated school-girl with a certificate, the long-suffering committee decided to advertise for a man. The result was that in a week or so, a young Scotchman, Andrew Galbraith, found himself installed as pedagogue—a most enviable situation. This position as schoolmaster was not according to his taste, but as he felt himself qualified for it and, more urgent reason still, he needed the scanty salary which was offered, he accepted. A graduate from Glasgow University, he found the task of drumming addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, into the heads of twenty scholars, none too bright, a very arduous one. But he had one brilliant exception in Hilary Camden; for mathematics she had no special gifts, but in history, literature and languages she excelled.

Andrew gave private lessons in Latin, French and Greek te three or four of the armitication of the same history and content the same history of the armitication of the same history and content the same history of the armitication of the same history and content the same history of the armitication of the same history and content the same history of the armitication of the same history and content the same history of the armitication of the same history and content to the same history and content the same his

den; for mathematics she had no special gitts, but in history, literature and languages she excelled.

Andrew gave private lessons in Latin, French and Greek to three or four of the ambitious ones, and among them were Hilary and Dan Forres. The latter had spent three years at college, and was now studying law in W—, His thirst for knowledge was genuine, for, besides continuing his classics, he went farther into the infinities, and as he had a wealthy and liberal father, this proved a most fruitful source to Galbraith, who soon grew used to his rather irksome duty and took an interest in it. He did not associate much with the men or boys, except Dan, and his leisure hours in summer were mostly spent in walking or reading, and in winter there was the skating and tobogganing. In the latter season, school was no sooner over than he shouldered his skates and was off to the lake, where both teacher and pupils spent their spare time. Honored by the name of lake, it was in reality no more than a pond, a large expansion of the somewhat sluggish river. One day feeling depressed after a hard four hours' work, he went to the lake hoping to find it untenanted, but he might as well have expected ducks to keep from water as boys and girls from ice. When he arrived an exciting game of shinny was being played, and it was with astonishment, and even horror, that he noticed Hilary among the crowd, but the most prudish of mortals could not long have withheld admiration for the graceful, lithe figure in the crimson, black braided dress, that flew from one spot to another, cheeks flushed and hair flying, her whole form glowing with life and vigor.

Soon the little golf ball came whistling towards him, the skaters after it. The shouts, the approaching swiftness of the players, stirred his old boyish excitement, and, seizing wards nim, the staters after it. The players, the approaching swiftness of the players, stirred his old boyish excitement, and, seizing a shinny which lay by, he caught the ball in its crook and darted off, the whole troop after him. The crimson figure is foremost, and as she draws near puts out her stick and recaptures the ball; but he also is ready and places his shinny on one side of hers. The others have come up now and stand watching the issue of the contest. Hilary made a sharp little movement, but, quick as thought, Andrew's stick lifted hers away and crooked the ball. Away he goes again, and for a time holds his own, but then two or three of the boys gather round, and after a close scutile, he is robbed of his prize. From one side of the pond to the other, rolls the ball, back and forth, sometimes one taking the lead and sometimes another. Two large stones stood for one goal, and poles are at the opposite end.

Dan Forres is slowly working his way to his goal, Hilary helping all the time, in the midst of a scrimmage. With a quick, firm shot, Dan sent the ball straight toward the stones, but the goal-keeper intercepting it, whirled it down the course to Andrew, who stood at one side. Before the rest could turn, the ball was skimming along the ice, directly for the poles. Hilary strained every nerve and by an almost superhuman effort, succeeded in arresting its progress, before it reached the goal, but her excitement was so great that after waving her shinny, and giving the ball one vigorous knock, she subsided on the ice. But her purpose was accomplished, for one of her colleagues hooked the golt, and in a moment it had gone between the stones.

the stones.

Soon afterwards they parted to reunite at a sewing-bee later in the evening.

The bee was as all bees are; a scene for the gossip of the past month, to criticise the absent neighbors' clothes and conduct, to pass opinion on last Sunday's sermon and the behavior of the minister's children. Hilary was heartily glad, when, at nine o'clock, the young men came in and the games began. These were of the simplest description—postoflice and leadman being the favorites. man being the favorites.

Andrew and Dan were among the guests, the

Andrew and Dan were among the guests, the former coming on protest, in hope that he might secure one of the hostess' sons as a private pupil; the latter because Hilary had to attend. Postoffice, they firmly declined to play, but leadman looked more innocent, and out of politeness they were bound to join in. In the

leadman looked more innocent, and out of politeness they were bound to join in. In the last, as everyone knows, each player is given the name of a person belonging to the opposite sex, and to every question which this most arbitrary of leadmen asks, replies by that name. The simple country folk, recognizing in Galbraith, Dan and Hilary, the more refined element, coupled the names of the first and last together. To every query Hilary answered, "Mr. Galbraith," with an unblushing cheek and a firm voice; she showed no emotion of any sort, and Andrew was by no means disconcerted—he thought only of the utter absurdities of the game, telling untruths right and left. But Dan Forres was not so cool as his friends. At every answer in Hilary's ringing tones, his handsome, black brows drew together in a tight frown, and there was a jealous light in the friends. At every answer in Hilary's ringing tones, his handsome, black brows drew together in a tight frown, and there was a jealous light in the dark eyes that seldom took their gaze from the one object so dear to them. And when at eleven o'clock the party broke up, not one of the three was sorry. Andrew was moody, because Mrs. Clupperty "didn't see no use in havin' sich a high eddication for Jim." Hilary was disgusted with the turn affairs had taken. Dan was jealous and heartsore. As a matter of course Hilary was escorted home by the faithful Dan. The two had been inseparable from childhood, Dan being her champion, and she his devoted follower and ally; they had hardly known a difference of opinion, and this little occurrence was all the more important.

important. h felt that the other was out of humor, Each felt that the other was out of humor, and the result was that no word was spoken on either side to dispel the gloom. But as he left her at the gate she turned and said timidly:

her at the gate she turned and sand think it You are not angry, Dan'?

He bent down, and with a hand on her shoulder, in a very low voice, "Don't let anybody steal you away from me, Hilary." She started and blushed, for his meaning was un-

woods. Spring had given everything a fresh sweetness, and only a slight twitter from the young birds and the faint whispering of the leaves disturbed the redolent silence. The mossy ground gave beneath their feet and a subtle odor of violets floated in the air. Dan stopped near a fallen tree and they sat down as if by common consent.

if by common consent.

He was the first to break the silence.

"Hilary, I have waited a long time, but I must speak now. You love me darling, do you not? and you know how I love you. My Hilary, we need not wait a week if you will only say so."

He pauses and looks into the down-bent face, which is flushed and sorrowful. There is no

He pauses and looks into the down-bent face, which is flushed and sorrowful. There is no answer, but Hilary reaches down and picks a violet, then nervously toys with it. He repeats his appeal. She glances up suddenly and, with an effort, says, "I am very sorry, Dan, but I could never love you in that way."

"Don't say that," he cries, "don't play with me, dear. You love me, I know; oh! you must."

an effort, says, "I am very sorry, Dan, but I could never love you in that way."

"Don't say that," he cries, "don't play with me, dear. You love me, I know; oh! you must."

But in spite of his confident words, a great phantom doubt is filling his mind, and he goes on eagerly:

"You have never known anyone else half so well as me, and we would be so happy."

"Please stop, Dan. As all the story book heroines say, 'I will be a sister to you,' but never, never the other thing."

The light talk jars on him and he does not speak, only looks into her eyes with a great longing. For a moment they sit thus, then a quick, angry thought rushes upon him.

"Are those things true that you said at Mrs. Clupperty's?"

"What things?" she demands indignantly.

"The answers you gave while playing leadman," he answers quietly.

"Oh, you silly goose! —giving him a push.
"Are they?" he reiterates, keeping a firm hold of her hand.
"No: let go my hand, sir. Oh, Dan, you are hurting me!"

He loosens his hold, walks away a few paces, comes back, and planting himself before her, insists on knowing whether she entertains any thought of Andrew Galbraith. She denies the insinuation, and with truth, for, pert as she is to him, she stands in awe of the grave Scot; but Dan's over-strained nerves make him fancy there is a quaver in the voice, and he says slowly and deeply:

"Hilary, if he were fond of you, would you not return his affection?"

"I think you are very rude and inquisitive. I have never thought of anybody as a lover, but I'll tell you one thing, when I do choose a husband it will be a man with more ballast than I have, I almost think as grave and quiet as Mr. Galbraith. There now, forgive me and make up friends."

Rising, she touches his hand softly, but the expression on his face startles her. He stands perfectly still for a full minute, then rouses himself as if from a dream, and says in a husky voice:

"Forgive! You cannot help it. God bless you, dear."

Before she can speak he is gone, with a great lonely heartache as a compani

gether, concluded there had been a lovel of quarrel.

Hilary detected, or thought she did, the tone of condescension, and flushed hotly as she answered: "Thank you, Mr. Galbraith, but I have been accustomed to these roads for years and feel perfectly sate." The note of dismissal was so clearly sounded that he lost no time in taking his leave with a curt. "pardon me!"

Hilary walked on, her eyes gleaming with triumph and anger as she thought of his manner and the complete snubbing he had received.

triumph and anger as she thought of his manner and the complete snubbing he had received. The wrath which had vented itself upon the blossom was now directed towards the man with whom she felt, in a vague way, Dan's sorrow had originated. Doubtless she would have felt more gratified if she had known Andrew's sensations.

sensations.

To be repulsed by a mere school girl, one of his own pupils and so rudely; why, it shook the man's vanity to the foundations! But shrewd Scot as he was, Andrew Galbrai'h was wise enough to grumble in secret at the many discomforts that he endured and with the liberality which a wide education and a knowledge of the world give, did not trouble himself much about the petty insults and annoyances of everyday life. He returned to his lodging and sat down to study, but Dan's face, as he had seen it that night, white and full of agony, and Hilary's, proud, defiant and passionate, moved constantly before him.

"Poor fellow! a nice wife she will make him! The way of the world I suppose; falling in love and quarrelling. Thank Heaven, my heart is my own."

my own."
In the midst of his reflections, the door opened and Mrs. Banks, his landlady, came forward, holding a piece of soap, voice thin as a wafer, "Look 'ee here, Mister Galbraith. You h'aint no notion of economy."

Andrew smiled bitterly; every article on his

Andrew smiled bitterly; every article on his back was threadbare.

"You are awful hard on soap, and I've been thinkin' that I must put it in the extrys; I give you a cake three weeks ago and this is all that's left," and she held up the scrap. "Why, Mr. Peters, the gen'leman as was here afore you, I'l put a cake of soap in his room in Janewary, and in April it was just as nice and fresh as ever!"

"I hope Mr. Peters was in the same condi-tion," remarked Andrew, sotto voce. "Well, Mrs Banks, put it in the extras and give me plenty. I'll pay willingly." Mrs. B. then departed and her lodger indulged

in a hearty laugh at his predecessor's expense. But soon love affairs, soap and economy were lost in the deeper and more interesting (?) study of Bain On the Mind.

However he was not long left undisturbed. About ten o'clock a resounding rap-a-ta-tap was heard at the door, and a moment later his

About ten o'clock a resounding rap-a-ta-tap was heard at the door, and a moment later his worthy hostess brought a telegram, leaving him with a gentie reminder of Mr. Peters. Little thought he that already worry and poverty were over for him, and that the little yellow paper bore an announcement to the magical effect that the poor schoolmaster was Sir Andrew Galbraith, Bart.; owner of many fair acres in the bonny home of his childhood. But let us be expeditious, as he was, and merely say that ere a month was past, the village of Betworth knew him no more.

Hilary did not grieve much at his departure, for, as she had told Dan, no thought of love had ever entered her head concerning him, and even if she had been inclined to mope, there was an urgent reason why she should resist the impulse. Dear old Miss Babcock was dying. The well-run race was over and the runner sank to rest. The kettle may sing for hours on the stove and the noise will not be noticed. But lift it, and the pleasant home-like hum will be immediately missed; it was so with Charity Babcock's life. She did her good like hum will be immediately missed; it was so with Charity Babcock's life. She did her good

He bent down, and with a hand on her shoulder, in a very low voice, "Don't let anybody steal you away from me, Hilary." She started and blushed, for his meaning was unmistakable.

"Oh, Dan!" was all she said, and then ran up the path to the house.

Winter passed away soon after this, and the merry boating parties and picnics were numerous. One evening as Hilary and Dan were returning from a day's canoeing, instead of going straight home they loitered through the

somewhat selfish, never noticed the change in her friend. Not that he grew pale and holloweyed as no doubt he should have done, but hitherto he had sailed blithely along the dancing, joyous stream of youth, and now the winds of time waited him into the deeper and stronger currents of manhood. Many were the eddies and rapids to pass, many were the dark rocks of sorrow and disappointment, but "Through winds and tides one com mass mides."

The Home-Circle Enough.

"Through winds and tides, one con pass guides,"

rocks of sorrow and disappointment, b. t

"Through winds and tides, one con pass guides,"
and before long, he had safely launched upon
the great sea of work, in which all such minor
troubles as are in the river are lost.

Miss Charity's will left everything to Hilary,
which was not much, but she installed Andrew
Galbraith as guardian over the orphan, a clause
which the said orphan stoutly contested, declaring that the will was made before the
guardian elect left Canada and that a man in
Scotland could have but little control over a
girl in America; to all of which the old lawyer
nodded, scratched his head, rubbed his chin, then
sinally straightened his coat and said that this
will was Miss Babcock's last, therefore valid.
Word was sent to Sir Andrew of his unex
pected good fortune and he replied as soon as
possible, that he felt greatly honored, could not
express his satisfaction, etc.. which polite
phrases his ward immediately labelled as fibs.
She soon found that something must be done
for a living; applied for the position of schoolmistress, but there she was forestalled, con
sulted her friends and Mrs. Forres at once
offered a home, but Hilary knew that if she
accepted this kind invitation, it would
give Dan hopes as fervent as futile,
So she asked the lawyer for his advice; he decided to write to her guardian and Hilary saw,
with chargin, that it was the only course left So she asked the lawyer for his advice; he decided to write to her guardian and Hilary saw, with chargin, that it was the only course left open. In answer to the epistle came a letter which announced that there was a very good situation as "lady's companion" to Sir Andrew's aunt, and this was now offered to Hilary. If the proposal had not opened chances for travel and sight-seeing, it would have been refused, but a passion for traveling, together with the natural love of novelty, induced her to accept.

refused, but a passion for traveling, together with the natural love of novelty, induced her to accept.

On the last day she wandered about, bidding farewell to all the old favorite haunts. As she stood upon the bridge which spanned the river, on one side was the city, its tall, pointed spires looking misty and almost lost in the distance. Between her and the town was "buttercup meadow," in its summer robe of dazzling gold and dull green. Above the field rose the woods, fully leaved and majestic in their lustrous foliage. Skirting the opposite end ran a little stream, which made a soft border of sneeny gray to the brilliant gown of buttercups, it turned a sharp bend and flowed through an adjoining meadow; now running smoothly over the pebbles, now babbling and murmuring, now leaping and sparkling in the liquid sunshine, now forming little water falls, while the gaunt old trees by its side looked down with the patience of age and experience upon the baby rivulet, as it danced and rushed along impatiently to lose itself in the placid bosom of the river. On the other side stood the house half hidden by the fringe of tall willows which lined the terrace on which it stood. A little rough irregular path led down from the house to the bank, past the spring which always bubbled up fresh and sweet, past the swamp where the marsh marigolds raised their flaming heads, and ending at last in the pier where lay the boat ready moored.

She recrossed the bridge and unloosened the

she boat ready moored.

She recrossed the bridge and unloosened the boat, then took the great clumsy oars in her hands and rowed up to the lake. There she indulged in another reverie and roused herself only in time to reach home before dark. And so ended her last day in the old home.

(To be Continued.)

Life Under Water.

She (sentimentally)—Harry, I wonder what the mermaids do when they want a lemonade? Harry (practically)—Probably they call a bell buoy to fetch it from the harbor bar.

A Delicate Fib



Interested laquirer—Excuse me, sir; can you tell me what tune the band is playing? Culbertson—I believe it's "Where did you get that" (glances up)—a hem—those—er—er—well, I had it right on my tongue's end, but I've forgotten.—Puck ve forgotten. - Puck

The New Valet.

At a fashionable gathering a lady of title asked for a glass of water. After a while, the valet appeared, carrying a full glass in his hand.
"Silly fellow!" exclaimed the master of the

house, 'you should have brought that in on a By-and-bye the man came in again, carefully balancing in his hands a plate into which he had poured the contents of the glass, "You stupid donkey!" cried the exasperated host, "How is the lady to drink that?"

"I was wondering myself!

Bested by a Hotel Clerk.

Bested by a Hotel Clerk.

"Human nature, as seen in a big hotel, is rather curious, isn't it?" I queried of the day clerk as I leaned on the counter.

"Y-e-s," he slowly and dryly replied.
"For instance," I continued, "I have a chandelier with five burners in my room, but three of the burners are plugged up and can't be lighted. The soap is cheap and poor, the looking glass is cracked, the marble topped stand is stained with ink, and one leg of the lounge is broken. How's that for hotel nature?"

"My dear sir," he replied, as he paused for a moment from his work of pigeonholing the noon mail, "I was obliged to put you in a room just vacated by a Western merchant and his wife. He got drunk and broke the lounge and cracked the glass. She took away with her two towels and two cakes of fine soap. He is responsible for the ink stains, and he stuffed two table napkins into his pocket and carried them. sponsible for the ink stains, and he stuffed two table napkins into his pocket and carried them off, and she broke a dollar pitcher and a seventy cent pane of glass. We plugged up the burners because they lighted the whole five and went off to the theatre. I think he carried off one of the keys of the door, and I know she cribbed a bouquet holder from the parlor. How's that for traveling human nature?"

I was silent for the want of argument, and he presently continued:

"Here are half a dozen telegrams and a score of letters for men who will call around in due season and inquire for them, or want them forwarded to points in Maine or Texas, and give me my trouble for the profits. And perhaps you'd like to buy some of these dozen worthless checks for ten cents on the dollar, or take some of the score of trunks in the storeroom

some of the score of trunks in the storeroom and settle the bills for which they are held.



Bessie Binthayr (seriously)—What you need, Bertie, is a friend who will candidly print out by you wour occasional follies, and—Ber ie Freshleigh—Oh, stop that, Bess! Don't you suppose I've got some brothers and sisters at home!—Puck.

He Couldn't Exactly Say.

Customer (in restaurant)—Walter, how long have you had this fish on hand?
Walter—Couldn t say, sir. Have only been working here about a week.

A Safeguard.

A Sateguard.

Subaltern—Jack, when you are on guard at the powder magazine, and a man passes smoking a cigar, what do you do?

Jack—Shout to him to throw it away.

Subaltern—And then?

Jack—I pick it up and smoke the rest of it myself.

He Kept His Word.

A female head with the title, "Gaze into her eyes!" exhibited by Tenissier, the artist, at the Paris Salon last year, created quite a sensation among the visitors. A Scottish laird of the name of Penrhyn was so enamored of the picture that he stood for hours looking at it. At length he called on the painter and insisted on being told the address of his model, which the artist, however, declined to give. Last of all being told the address of his model, which the artist, however, declin-d to give. Last of all Mr. Penrhyn said, "You are destroying the happiness of the young woman by your obstinacy. Take me to her, and I give you my word, whoever or whatever she is, that I will marry her next week." Tenissier reluctantly consented, and led the Scotchman to a humble lodging, where he found the sweet face bending over a sewing machine; but as its owner rose to greet her visitors Mr. Penrhyn saw to his horror that the pretty girl was humpbacked and lame, and unable to walk without the help of a crutch. The laird fulfilled his promise.

Something for the Boys.

Something for the Boys.

Through unforeseen circumstances a "tragedian of the city" was deprived of the services of his comedian, and in due course another joined his company. Next day a rehearsal of Hamlet was called, and in time the grave scene was reached. When the cue came the comedy gentleman descended into Ophelia's grave and commenced singing, Walking Down Broadway, when the following conversation ensued:

Tragedian—That is not the song, you know. Comedian—Oh, all right. I only put that in for the moment to fill up time.

Traged.an—I see, I see—

Comedian—Quite so. I shall sing something else at night.

Comedian—Quite so. I shall sing something else at night.

Tragedian—Something else! There are the words the immortal bard wrote.

Comedian—Yes; but I don't sing them any more. They are too old-fashioned. I'll give the boys something newer—something that will knock them, never fear. I'm all right.

The tragedian was here carried of the stage fainting.—N. Y. Truth.

It Had to Get Back. Native (to stranger)-We have always a west Stranger-But the wind now is right from

the east.
Native-On, that's the west wind coming back, you know. Stranger-Ah!

Something Wrong. She-All extremely clever men are awfully conceited. He-Oh, I don't know; I'm not.

Or Slow as Time.

It is no credit to say of a man that he is regular as a clock. To some it might imply that he moved through life on tick.

Vaseline for the Shoes.

"The women have a new use for vaseline," observed a drug store clerk, as he jerked his right shoulder in the direction of a well dressed lady who was leaving the store after having made a purchase of the petroleum compound. "What's that?"

They are using it on their shoes now.

On their shoes?"
Yes, and the ladies must be given credit "Yes, and the ladies must be given credit for having made a valuable discovery. The ingredients of vaseline have a wonderful effect on fine leather, and it is fast taking the place of all compounds manufactured for softening the shoes. Take a pair of shoes that have become stiff and uncomfortable by constant wear in the rain and apply a coat of vaseline, rubbing it in well with a cloth, and in a short time the leather becomes as soft and pliable as when it was taken fram the shelves of the dealer. Yes. Indeed, rainy weather causes quite a boom in the vaseline trade."

He Didn't Make a Mistake.

"Bub," said a stranger to a bootblack on Park row, "didn't you black my shoes yester

"I guess I did,"
"Right over in that doorway?"
"Oh, yes."
"Well, when I paid you didn't I give you five

"Weil, when I paid you didn't I give you live \$5 gold pieces in mistake for pennies?"
"Not much you didn't."
"Be honest, now."
"I am honest. D'ye suppose that if I'd got my hands on \$25 I'd be here now? Not much! I'd be fluking for the plains on a palace car, with a revolver on each hip and a lasso over my right shoulder, and by to-morrow you'd see in the papers that I'd run across old Sitting Bull and made him so tired that anybody could pull his nose. Made a mistake! You bet you didn't!" his nose.

> BEECHAM'S PILLS Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS. Sick Headache. &c. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Blueberries.

Debbie and I were standing on Sunset Rock watching a forest fire on the side of old Shaunagunk. Debbie was crying. A great tree she had been very fond of had burst into a red blaze, changed to pink ashes, and dropped out of sight as we gazed.

"I cannot bear to see it," she said, hiding her face on my shoulder.

"No, matter, Debbie," I said. "There'll be plenty of blueberries next summer. You know there always are the year after these fires, and I'm as famous for eating blueberry ple as you are for making it."

But Debbie would not laugh.

"There are always blueberries enough," she said. "But I loved that tree—the tree we sat under when—"

said. "But I loved that tree—the tree we say
under when—"
"When I asked you to be my wife," said I.
"And you said yes, etherwise I should not
have made that remark about blueberry pies."
But I liked the tree, too, for all that. Debbie
took things of that sort very hard. She could
not bear to see the flowers fade in autumn, or
the grass grow brown. She often said that
she believed the green things growing had
could.

She had been just like that ever since she She had been just like that ever since she was a baby, when she petted everything in the place. The calves, the lambs, the little piglets, even the old black hog in his sty came in for a share of her favor, though he was the most unlovable creature alive. And I remember that one Thanksgiving Day—the turkey that graced the feast had been her special favorite—she absented herself from table, and was found, after long search and much alarm, hiding in the garret.

after long search and much alarm, hiding in the garret.

"I can't touch him, mother," she confessed.
"I can't. We have been too friendly."

"An odd child," the farmers' wives declared, and thanked Heaven their own had more plain common sense and less imagination. But even then, to my fancy, Debbie Doane was the sweetest, prettiest creature alive. A slender, blue-eyed, fairy-haired wisp of a child, as light on her feet as any bird. She knew all the birds in the wood, it seemed to me, and where they nested, and I never dared touch one. I had a boy's natural brutality, of course, but for Debbie's sake I kept it under, until it died a natural death with manhood, for we lived in that pleasant place among the mountains—Debbie and I—until she was eighteen, and I me-and-twenty.

and I—until she was eighteen, and I one-and-twenty.

Our parents were friends, and I was an only chill, while Debbie's little brothers—there were two or three of them, I believe—had passed away when they were babies. Our liking for each other pleased our mothers, and when one day I began to know that I did not love Debbie as a sister, I was sure that no one would disapprove; and up there under the tree we had just seen drop, we kissed each other for the first time as lovers kiss, and said those things to each other which only lovers say.

And so I had come to thinking of her as my future wife, and talking about her making blueberry pie for me.

But long before the blueberries sprang up over the ashes of the dead pines everything had changed.

changed,
Debbie's father was a hot-tempered man, and

over the ashes of the dead pines everything had changed.

Debbie's father was a hot-tempered man, and mine an obstinate one. They got along wonderfully with each other for many years, and it seemed to be one of those especial bits of spite which Fate doles out to lovers, that they should have their first serious falling out direc'ly Debbie and I were engaged.

What was it about, you ask? Of all men on earth, farmers quarrel about the smallest things. The ill-feeling began about a bit of meadow, worth next to nothing, was continued by our old pear tree, which projected its roots into Mr. Doane's cellar, and finished by one of Doane's cows, who trod down our corn; and one day the two elderly men faced each o'her, their faces crimson, their eyes blazing, blotting out the friendship of years by their mutual taunts and reproaches, until, at last. Doane struck my father, and my father knocked him down. He feil with his head against a bit of wood, and cut it, and the blood flowed over his face and neck. The women screamed; Doane lay at length upon the grass a gory spectacle. Mrs. Doane called one farm hand to help his master in, another to run for the doctor, and the general impression that a murder had been committed was conveyed. It was a matter for a bit of court-plaster, after all; but a life-long friendship was over forever; and it was conceded on both sides that D-bbie and I must break with each other. Up on the mountain, where the blueberries were to be next summer, we met for the last time. The sshee of the tree we had first kissed under were all blown away, and only a grim, black stump remained to tell where it once stood. Debbie was very pale, but very firm. "It would be an insult to father if I should marry the son of a man who tried to kill him," she said; "and Mr. Ashton did try, Eben."

"My father only resented a blow, as any man ought," I said.
"But how furiously," said Debbie; "how brutally."

And then we quarrelled, until at last we harted. going by different ways down the

really rich I had come to forty years, and passed it.

My parents were both dead, and I had not married. I had tried to fall in love, but could not; and, if you will not think me a puppy. I was rather persecuted. Anxious parents with fine families of grown daughters flung them at my head, and the girls themselves were not behindhand. If I could have believed that my personal qualities made me appear in the light of a prize, I should have been flattered, and might have succumbed; but I knew my money was the bait which all those pretty fish were anxious to nibble, and I resolved to leave the place for a while. The wealth that seemed so great from a local point of view was not an unusual amount of money in New York, where millionaires have grown common, and I found the great metropolis pleasant, and made friends there. Amongst them I soon numbered an old bathelor of literary tastes, who told me that he had taken a fancy to me. He proved it by being very confidential.

"You are twenty years younger than I," he said: "but still you are of an age when men are usually married. Perhaps you can comprehend how you might go on for twenty years more, and never find a woman who seemed exactly what you wanted?"

"Perfectly," said I.

"Now I've had women set their caps for me," said he, "Handsome women, too. Perhaps you don't believe it?"

"Indeed, I do," said I, out of my own experience.

"Ah, you've been there; you've been there," said Me. "Well I couldn't respond.

"Indeed, I do," said I, out of my own especience.
"Ah, you've been there; you've been there," said Mr. Groton. "Well, I couldn't respond. My fault: not theirs. But lately I've met a woman who actually does move me, but I have my doubts. I'm afraid I sha'n't be happy. Sie's a blue stocking."
"Ah!" said I, not knowing what else to remark.

opinion. There is a widow, very handsome—Mrs. Cromlich—that may be more suitable. But there's a charm about my blue-stocking. She doesn't-write very masculine books; they are about birds and squirrels, and bees and flowers—children's books. But still you'll oblige a friend. If you approve, I'll see her home and offer myself on the way; if not, I'll ask to be the widow's escort and propose to her. I can't waste time at my age, and I want to settle down. Cross-question her, pray."

I promised, and on Wednesday evening entered Mrs. Parker's parlors.

"There she sits at the table," whispered the bachelor. "Pretty shoulders, eh?"
I nodded, for Mrs. Parker advanced, and there was no time for words. I was introduced. "I want him to know your literary friend. As a stranger, he ought to know our shining lights," said Mr. Groton, with great cunning.
"Delighted!" said Mrs. Parker. "Mr. Aston, this way, please. Miss Doane, Mr. Ashton desires an intpoduction. Of course you have read all Miss Deborah Doane's works? What my children would do without them I cannot say. They are an education by themselves,"

"Debbie turned authoress!" I thought. It could not be! Yet Miss Debbie Doane! Was it a coincidence?
It was not, for the lady turned as her hostess spoke to Debbie—Debbie still more elegant, if of

"Debbie turned authoress!" I thought, It could not be! Yet Miss Debbie Doane! Was it a coincidence?

It was not, for the lady turned as her hostess spoke to Debbie—Debbie still more elegant, if not quite so pretty.

She knew me at a glance; and as I held her hand, all my old love awoke a'resh in my heart. And there stood Mr Groton listening, and Mrs. Parker and the children, and what could I say to her? I did not remark, "I have had that pleasure," nor did she. We sat and talked to each other before an audience until supper time. Then old Groton whispered to me, "Take her down." And I did, And still my audience was large and attentive.

I had discovered that she, like myself, was alone in the world. I saw that she was ready to meet me half way. Yet the hour for parting approached, and if old Groton took her home, proposed to her, and was accepted, all was over. And yet while strangers listened to my words, what could! utter to show her my intentions? This is what I did say:

"As you wrive about such things, Miss Doane, did you ever take notice of the fact that the year after a forest fire blueberries are very plenty on the Shaunagunk Mountains?"

"Oh, yes," she replied. "I go to the Shaunagunk every summer, and I made that discovery long ago."

"And you have not only made discoveries, but pies?" I remarked.

"Many," she answered.

"Oh! do you make pies! I thought authoresses never could cook," cried one of our audience.

"A lady once promised to make blueberry

"Oh! do you make pies! I thought authoresses never could cook," cried one of our audience.

"A lady once promised to make blueberry pies for me," said I. "It was while a forest fire was burning; but she never kept her promise. If you go to Shaunagunk next summer. I shall call at your camp and ask you to make a pie for me."

"I do not camp out, but you will find me at a little farm house near by," said Debbie, "and I will make all the pies you want."

"It is a solemn promise!" I said.
She gave me her hand.

"I think the blueberries will be thick on Shaunagunk next summer, for the fires were fierce this autumn," she said. "Good night."

But I knew she would not accept old Groton if he proposed; and, besides, I took pains to whisper to him, in the dressing room:

"The widow is the woman for you."

He married her, but Deddie is making a blueberry pie for me at this moment, and the berries were picked on old Shaunagunk.

Charming Virginia Clay.

meadow, worth next to nothing, was continued by our old pear tree, which projected its roots into Mr. Doane's cellar, and finished by one of Dane's cows, who tred in the pear to the control of the cont

kennedy and so you to understand that I am the devil in this office, and so you can govern yourselves accordingly."

She promptly discharged those who were rebellious, reorganized the office, did everything from writing the whole paper sometimes to setting type, and when that was done went out as collector and gathered in the shekels due. As collector Miss Virginia was a great success, and those who met the charming young woman in Detroit will understand the difficulty a man would have in refusing to pay a bill that was due. She collected debts that no man could have collected, and she and her sister have made a great success of the Huntsville Democrat. Personally, Miss Virginia Clay is a handsome, tall and rather slim girl. In conversation she can more than hold her own in any company, and all in all she is an excellent example of what the ladies of the New South can do when they try.

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Rapid Transit.

"Talk about fast running," said the Michigan Central man, "you ought to see our Limited full head. Why, we pass the telegraph poles so fast they look for all the word like comb teeth!"

"Oh, that does very well," responded the Wisconsin man, "but we can go you one better, I guess. Just as one oi our slow trains was pullin' out of Neenah the other day, I undertook to slap the ticket agent and I hit a man a' Waupaca. Goin' down now to settle a suit for assault and battery."

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address-" Correspondence Column."

S. A. D., Thronto.—Your writing indicates a reserved, calculating disposition. You are orderly, self-reliant and habitually act after mature deliberation.

Bust Bme, Owen Sound.—You are self-reliant, ambitious, good-natured, inclined to carelessness and lacking a little in perseverance. We would have no use for the MSS. you

mention.

Bird, London.—Your writing shows determination, an impulsive nature, and a sensitive disposition. Your own work is to be preferred in making pre-ents to gentlemenalthough a favorite author or a handsome bound copy of poems is never amiss. I would suggest a wisk holder, which is always useful and not hard to make. Cover a board twelve inches equare with plu-h, to the left fasten a band of the plush, on a pasteboard foundation, to the right two narrow bands. The wider will hold a wisk, the other a soft hat brush. Ornament the bands with embroidery, applique or a pattern in brass rings—they are all pretty. The a ribbon on the wisk, and hang the holder by a long ribbon loop with pretty bows.

loop with pretty bows.

CHESTERFIELD, Hamilton.— 1. If the seat be comfortable there is no objection, as the vehicle is not a hack. The post of h nor is the back seat, facing the horses, and right side. This should be given the e'dest or most distinguished lady. 2. Ask the lady if she will allow a correspondence, and write to her soon after her departure if she grants your request. 3. Intimate association gives the right of familiar address, but it is bad taste to ca'l mere acquaintances by the Christian name—more, it is rude and may with propriety be resented. A long acquaintance and a true friendship warrunt a gentleman's asking a lady to address him familiarly, and if she accedes to his request, she wil probably ask him to dispense with formality in addressing her. We are pleased to be of any assistance in these or similar matters. warrent a gentleman's saking a lady to address him familiarly, and if she accedes to his request, she wil probably ask him to dispense with formality in addressing her. We are pleased to be of any assistance in these or similar matters.

Well, "That's good. And why do you like it?" "Well, there are so many pleasant things about it," said Annie, with a smile over remembered joys. "Walking to the school house in the morning, you know, and talking with the girls at recess and coming home at noon and night. Oh, yes, I really think I like to go to school."—Youth's Companion.



Virginia blazed out at the person who made this remark.

"You will have to treat Miss Susie with re-

A Kedge-Anchor.



She Stood Him Off.

She Stood Him Off.

A landlord who was before one of the Circuit Court Commissioners the other day to see about getting a non-paying tenant out of his house explained:

"It is now five months since I got a cent of rent. Their first excuse was the death of a child. Their second the sickness of the husband. Their third his being out of work. Their fourth was that a relative had died. Their fifth was given yesterday.

"What was it?" asked the Commissioner.

"Well, I called at the house and rang the bell. No answer. I then went to the side door. No answer. I then went to the side door. No answer. I then went to the side door. No answer and she insisted that I go around to the front door and ring the bell. I did so, and she opened the door, looked me over from head to foot, and said:

"Sir, if you have called to see my husband he is out."

"But you'll do just as well, madam. I have come for the rent."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Your landlord, of course."

"I can't place you, and I shall pay you no money until you are properly identified. Call with your papers some day next week."

Rapid Transit.

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"Yees," said Annie hesitatingly after some consideration, "I really think I like it very well." FINE ENGLISH WORSTED PANTS

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### The Terrible Old Lady.

The enfantterrible-the unsophisticated little boy or girl who in the most innocent and natural way exposes family secrets before company-has long been a favorite topic with social satirists. The manner in which he or she reveals the skeleton in the closettells how papa came home acting so funny the other night or how mamma can take off all her hair, is a never failing source of copy for the funny writers, and it is to be presumed of amusement to their readers. But the artless and unconscious prattle of the enfant terrible is not half as much to be dreaded by society in general as the malicious gossip and unwelcome reminiscences of the terrible old lady. There are few circles in which she is not known and feared. This personage is usually one who has resided in the locality since the days of the pioneers and knows the history and origin of every tamily of any standing in the place. She is a perfect encyclopedia of genealogical and personal lore, and nothing deights her more than to indulge her re-collections of "Toronto of Old," and and preserve from oblivion stories and traditions which the living representatives of the "old amilies" are not at all anxious to recall. She takes a malicious pleasure in contrasting the style which the younger people now display and the airs they assume with the humble position occupied by their fathers or grand-Cynical and envious people of course are fond of drawing her out. It amuses them mmensely to hear her expatiate on how Mr. Plutock, the purse proud banker, was fifty years ago one of the nine children of a poor aborer who lived in a tumble down shanty in Cabbagetown-how the Bontonnes need not put on such high and mighty airs to her, see ng that the old man kept tavern so newher e near the Don, away back in the fifties, and drank himself to death-or how she remembers perfectly well how old Mrs. Rampage, the mother of the distinguished lawyer and poli tician, used to sell garden stuff in the market. and had such a terrible tongue that she was the scandal of the whole neighborhood. Such reminiscences, which of course lose nothing in their repetition, make the old lady a veritable terror to all whose social pretensions and amily claims will not stand the best of examination. When her disclosures are tempered by a sense of justice, and not too much embelished by the accretions of fiction, her ready memory and tongue are a healthy corrective of the snobbery and unfounded pretension to blue blood so common in our society.

### Labor.

The pains which the faithful teacher takes with the pupil or class seem a trifling matter compared with the worth of the education it. self when gained, and the influence which it may exert on society and hand down to future generations. Yet all these far-reaching results may be traced to the hours of patient and earnest work by teacher and pupil. The same s true of all labor. The wonderful growth of a city is due to the enterprise of some, to the skill and ingenuity of others, to the productive toil of many. The establishment of some noble nstitution for the benefit of mankind, of which we are justly proud, might never have taken place but for the humane feeling and the ntelligent foresight that were happily united n some one individual, who never dreamed of the grand results which would n its various forms is the foundation of all omfort, all progress, all enjoyment, and even of life itself. Our food, our clothing, our dwelings, our schools, our government, our comforts, and the money which they cost are all representatives of the hard work of many people in many places; and only thus could they exist. Yet work has other functions less widely recognized. It is valuable for its effects upon the worker himself. It strengthens his muscles, develops his powers, raises his courage, exalts his character. It is the pith and marrow of a happy, healthy life

### Women Duellists.

So far from duelling becoming extinct in Europe, it is now being taken up by the fair sex, who fight in the approved orthodox style with swords. There is no hair pulling or any of the styles of warfare peculiar to the sex, when they indulge in a hand-to-hand combat. The story goes that two Viennese beau ties of noble birth, the Countess de Kinsky and the Countess Schenborn met in a small wood near the Imperial villa at Ischly. At the second thrust the Countess Schoenborn was wounded in the left breast, and her opponent received a wound in the forearm. And as the duellists since the days of chivalry have spilt blood over some fair one whom both adored, so did these Amazons have as an object of feud a handsome young officer of the Imperial Guard.

Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds

numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask s friend to lend him a hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; and should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for two pence.



The Toronto Vocal Society has commenced a vigorous and drastic policy. All the old members have had to submit to an examination of the individual vocal powers by the conductor. Whether he has rejected any of the candidates, I cannot say, but the effect in any case must be good. This process has so far weeded the society down to a working membership of seventy, as several of the members have not offered for re-enrollment, and there are now some vacancies for applicants, who must have good voices and read music quickly.

Vol. II] TORONTO, SEPT. 28, 1889. [No. 44 The Philharmonic Society, in organizing its chorus for Arminius, has followed the same plan. But it is not in itself sufficient. By this means the general standard of the chorus is raised, but its numbers are lessened, without providing any of the machinery for raising the numerical strength to its old standard, or for replacing those who drop out year by year. This can only be done by organizing a class for the teaching of sight reading and elementary vocal culture, and the society that undertakes this will be the favorite one in days to come, with both singers and auditors. It is strange that in a large city like Toronto there is no public means by which a fair knowledge of music reading can be gained. One or two gentlemen are doing good work in this direction but it should be taken up on a larger scale and with stronger influence behind.

> The authorities of the Queen's Own Rifles have, with commendable energy, arranged for another concert, at which the combined bands of their regiment and the Thirteenth Battalion will take part. Mr. Bayley has arranged a most interesting programme and both bands are already practicing the music.

Dr. Louis Maas, who gave a piano recital here about a year ago, died last week after an illness of some three weeks.

The Buffalo orchestra bids fair to be set on its feet for another season. Mr. Fred C. M. Lautz, whose personal liberality has made its existence possible in former years, is again energetically pushing its interests, and hopes to make it possible once more. If he succeeds, it is to be hoped that our neighbors may be persuaded to come over once or twice and give us an idea of what they can do. What a pity it is that we cannot keep a professional orches tra-however small-together in Toronto! The man who could design a plan which would make a local professional orchestra a possibility, would confer a lasting boon upon musi-

If Wagner is dead, Wagnerianism is not by any means. The past Wagner Festival at Baireuth has been successful in every respect. Eighteen representations drew \$120,000, of which the Wagner family receives \$13 000. In London, under Mancinelli, several of Wagner's music dramas were sung in Italian, in itself a victory of no mean moment for the lovers of the great innovator.

The organization of choral bodies is looking up again. Mr. J. W. Trendell, who is now living in Berlin, is organizing a society in that town, with very bright prospects, as he has the good will of the best people in the place. He will be found a wise choice for the post of

Among the new arrivals in Canada is Mr. Fred C. Smythe, Mus. Bac. Trinity College, Dublin, who has come to Ottawa to te 1 the Canadian College of Music. Mr. Smythe was for fifteen years a prominent feature in the musical life of Belfast, Ireland, where he was organist of St. George's, and later of St. James' Church, in both of which he organized choirs whose excellence won for him high renown. He was also director of the Belfast choir, which performs oratorios and cantatas with full orchestral accompaniments. This is the kind of new blood we want in Canada.

Messrs. A. and S. Nordheimer have sent me three new songs just published by them, of which Mr. W. O. Forsyth contributes two, for contralto or mezzo-soprano: Trust-the words by Frances Ridley Havergal, and the Valley of Silence-words by Father Ryan, the Laureate of he South. Mr. Forsyth has succeeded in setting these to music of a sympathetic character, and we may look for their popularity. The other song is by Mr. Lucas, who has set Tennyson's Sweet and Low to music. Often as this has been done before, Mr. Lucas has given us a new and most melodious setting.

### The Drama.

A few days ago I saw a paragraph going the rounds of the press to the effect that the chestnut had now gone through the hands of the circus clown and had wearily returned to its original abiding place-the end mar in a minstrel show. That paragraph was inaccurate. The chestnut appeared at the Grand Opera House this week in gaudy profusion in Starlight, described as a "musical Nowadays when you farce comedy." have a hotch-potch of singing, dancing and variety show, it is called a musical farce omedy, and that category now will embrace almost anything that is scorned by other designations. Starlight is no better, and no worse than a great many of its congeners. The jokes have the respectability of age, relieved here and there with the impertinence of youth. Literary merit and elegance it has none, the following being one of its most attractive efforts:

Razzle-dazele, razzle-dazzle How drunk I am!

The usual amount of ground and lofty tumling and eccentric acting is thrown, and with all the commonplace that I have spoken of, I could not help laughing till my sides cracked, and I went a second time, and yet a third to see Starlight.

Undoubtedly the attraction was Vernona Jar-

little bit of scintillating comedy. She is the she was unnerved-over-worked with rehearsal personification of restless grace. She sings and excitement. As she is not a novice on the very nicely, dances very prettily, but gives the impression that she is in every respect smarter and abler than she turns | Cecil Clay and his wife (Rosina Vokes) were in out to be on close dissection. She rejoices in the most mysterious black lingerie, of which kaleidoscopic peeps are vouchsafed to the admiring audience. Her dresses are becoming and sometimes rich, and display her charming figure with generous unselfishness. don't know what standard Dr. Stone and Mr. Benson set up as the Rubicon in these matters, but I don't think that even they would have found serious fault with the fair Vernona, so innocent and lamb-like are her frolics. She was very happy in her topical song, That's Enough, Don't You Think? and made some clever local allusions. Much of the other fun is in the hands-and feet-of Messrs. Bert Coote as Quackleton Quaver, Charles Kirke as Muddlebrain, with a splendid German accent, and Budd Ross as Signor Bralligan, with the conventional Irish accent. Four or five young ladies of good looks and fair talents, with Mr. Edward Poland as Harold Marker, complete the company. Of plot there is absolutely none, and no one wants it in this sort of entertainment. The music is very ordinary and commonplace, but the fun is there in plenty.

Mr. Roland Reed opens a week's engageent at the Grand Opera House next Monday night in his eccentric play, The Woman Hater. Roland Reed is a comedian whose humor is peculiarly American. It is that dry, serious humor which had as its earliest, and perhaps nighest exponent, the lamented Artemus Ward. It is to this family of comedians that Roland Reed belongs, yet his peculiarities are distinc'ly his own. Of The Woman Hater, one of the best critics has written: "The merit of this farce is that it grows steadily more absurd in its predicaments." His company is said to be a good one, and may be relied on to furnish

The Fugitive has been with us again this reek at the Toronto Opera House, with Mr. Mason Mitchell as star. The Fugitive is a melodrama of English life, which contains many strong points, and when elaborately set and played by an able company, furnishes an excellent evening's entertainment for those who like drama of a stirring kind. Mr. Mitchell is a handsome young man with a powerful voice which he keeps well controlled, avoiding the tendency to rant which marks so many melodramatic actors. He is supported by an excellent company. Mr. Henry Napier as Squire Stollery is almost too good-natured to make a first-class villain and in one of his scenes with Ruth Raleigh, the maiden he has ruined, he approached so near comedy that I felt more disposed to laugh than thrill with horror. Miss Annie Lockhart as Mabel Malvon. the heroine, threw a great deal of feeling into her part. The less important characters were well handled, and Mr. Harry Rogers as Crackles was very amusing. Next week, Woman against

Miss Agnes Law's first recital on Thursday, September 19, was poorly attended. The rain made the night intensely disagreeable, but those who braved the bad weather were well entertained. Miss Law has a powerful voice, her gestures show evidence of careful study and she enunciates perfectly. In the portrayel of masculine character she excels. Her broken French and Italian, and her Scotch dialect are markedly successful features. Mr J. D. A. Tripp, A. T. C. M., was pianist, and his selections were pleasing-plaintive, soul-stirring melody, which took one back into the halfforgotten yesterdays; and brilliant passages all dash and sparkle, driving away the realization of the chilly atmosphere, and the dismal, drip, patter, splash of the rain-drops.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

An English actress, deservedly a favorite with the London public, owns twenty two hansom cabs, which bring her in a snug little income. Her drivers, horses and cabs are ex ceedingly well kept, and rank with the "swellest" of the West End. Comedy pays better than tragedy.

Sol Smith Russell's wife is a small, intellectual-looking woman with a Bostonese face. She is the daughter of Mr. Adams, known to fame as Oliver Optic. Mr. Russell is the owner of several fine buildings in Minneapolis besides his handsome residence. He takes care of his money.

Once again the English comedian, Mr. J. L. Toole, has become an object of sympathy. It well known that he has had the misfortune to lose, in somewhat close succession, his son, his daughter, and his wife. It is now announced that his only surviving blood relation -his brother, Mr. Frank T. Toole-is dead. It is not often that anyone is subject to so long a series of domestic afflictions as that which Our Only Comedian" is fated to mourn.

Gustave Flaubert was superstitious, and a believer in the migration of spirits. At the banquet given him in 1880, when the dessert was on the table, a young lady approached to place on his head a crown of flowers. But it was too large and slipped over his shoulders. an accident which inspired him with the strange thought, "I feel as though I were coffined." A week after he was dead, dying as he had wished, very suddenly. "I would like," he would say, "to disappear like a flash of lightning." Then he would add, "I would at least have the satisfaction of knowing that there would be no discourse over my grave."

It is whispered in New York that the lion's share of the engagements for the season has been made by Mrs. E. L. Fernandez. The reason is obvious. Wherever one goes one hears nothing but kind words of her-her con sideration, her urbanity, her politeness, her never-failing good humor, are always descanted upon, and so waiting in her parlors is robbed of some of its torture, and is made less to resemble the fate of the domestic help seeking whom it may devour than it does in other offices. Strange world of ours that ordinary civility should be at such a discount that when it appears it wins "in a canter hands down."

Victoria Vokes made a dismal failure of her beau, who is a charming, sparkling, bright first night at Philadelphia. There is no doubt

stage, there can be no talk of incapacity. She was ill, and that's all that can be said about it. a box, and their mortification was really pitiable. It would have been far better to have made an excuse and dismissed the audience. However, Miss Victoria has redeemed herself since, but she owes it entirely to her past repu tation. She has my sincere sympathy, for she is one of the best of women, and in every sense a clever actress.

Ellen Terry, Mary Anderson and Mrs. Lang try are all three equally extravagant in the price they pay for their gowns. The material may cost one, five, or ten pounds a yard if it is prettier than any other. Mdme. Auguste made Mrs. Langtry the two principal dresses she is wearing as Esther Sandraz. The Pomp adour dress is of turquoise blue silk and satin trimmed, almost strewn over with pale pink roses. The front of the low bodice is composed of graduated bows of pink ribbon, and there are old lace ruffles in the sleeves. The dress Mrs. Langtry wears as a shepherdess is of yellow brocade with an accordion kilted skirt of white crepe de Chine. The bodice and skirt are ornamented with trails of yellow roses, colored lilac, and loops and buds of mauve rib oon. A large leghorn hat, trimmed with bunches of roses, lilac and mauve ribbon, is worn with this costume. The silver-mounted crook is decorated with flowers and ribbon to match the hat. Mrs. Langtry is said to have no taste for jewelry. Money making is the evident aim of drama

tists, managers and actors, consequently the water tank, the fire engine, the shipwreck, Irish humor and barroom wit are relied upon at a majority of the local theaters to attract the dollars of the vast transient population temporarily housed in this city, says the New York Mercury. It would appear that it has become necessary to import the better class of stage wares for domestic con sumption, as is apparent in the engage ments concluded for the occupancy of the leading local theaters by Signor Salvini, by Wilson Barrett and company, by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal and their forces, by Charles Wyndham and his comedians, by William Terriss and his organization, by the sisters Vic toria and Rosina Vokes and their respective companies and by the London Gaiety bur-lesquers. This is a pretty good showing for the traders in foreign dramatic merchandise, who are indebted to the prevailing traveling combination system for the profitable trade which promises to reward their business enterprise. Stock companies, the only genuine dramatic training schools, are no longer in vogue, be cause the speculators who traffic in mechanical stage nightmares and claptrap sidewalk wit find it much easier and more profitable to act as theater janitors under the misplaced title of managers than it would be to select and direct plays entailing mental and physical labor. Hence it is that show shops, presenting Tin Babies, Bunches of Chestnuts, and Rag Soldiers are in the majority, although some of them, as a bait to the uninitiated, announce a scale of prices ranging from ten cents admission to half a dollar for the best seats. Such show shops do not always live up to their promises, although they do provide a few very uncomfortable places for greenhorn patrons at a dime per foot of space. The bulk of the interior of such places is arranged to yield an average of thirty-five cents for each adult patron. The method adopted is very simple. The wouldbe cheap show patron buys a ten or even twenty-cent ticket which he discovers upon entering the auditorium will place him among the coatless occupants of the rear of the gallery or in the "thick" of the seething "standees at the back of the seats. An usher gruffly tells him he can get his ticket exchanged by paying twenty-five or even fifty cents for one with a "kue-pon" which will entitle its holder to one of a forest of vacant chairs in front of the "standee" barrier, and he accepts the alternative with set teeth, pays his money and concludes that he is buying Gotham experiences This is, however, not legitimate theatricals, and unless foreign countries are to be relied upon for future supplies of intellectual acting, local managers must form native stock companies so that the American stage may be rightfully its own trained tale

### Saved a Life.

Solomon Isaackson-Haf you heard the news, Shacob, dot I haf safed dhose lifes oaf Reuben

Cohen dhis morning alretty?
"Nein, mine frendt, how was dot?"
"He fell off de dock und couldn't schwim."
"Und you schumped in und helluped him Ach, Dulieber! I schreams, 'come oud und I pays you dot ten dollar I owe you,' und he

Had Friends There.

Fred-You see, Albert, I gave up my Sunday chool class in order to take charge of a Bible school class in order to take charge of a Bible class in the prison.

Albert—You must feel a little awkward among strangers, do you not!

"Oh, I knew several of them. One of them used to be one of father's most trusted clerks, and another was at one time an old Sunday school teacher of mine."—Time.

The Whole Truth.

Judge—Miss, what is your age?
Witness—I am past twenty.
Judge—You must be more explicit.
Witness—Well, I am between twenty and hirty.
Judge-No more trifling. State your exact

witness-I'll be thirty day after to-morrow.

- Omaha World-Herald.

### Too Late.

After the wedding cere nony a friend of the family took the father of the bride apart and whispered to him: "I observe that you do not seem to be aware that your son in-law is over head and ears in debt."

nead and ears in debt.

"Are you sure?"

"Certain; and I am convinced he has only married your daughter with the object of paying off his creditors with the dowry."

"Why did you not mention this before?"

"He owes me five thousand dollars!"

He Got It.

Silker-What is it, my man f Tramp-I have four cents. If you put six to it I'll blow you off to a beer.



### A Queen's Park Idyl

For Saturday Night.

A seedy tramp, beneath a tree His ragged length doth stretch And, while the weather waxeth hot Full many a pant doth fetch.

A festive boy, with flendish grin Approacheth from the rear; The gain increaseth, verily, As quick he draweth nea

The tramp's head droopeth heavily ; Things round about grow dir When lo! the boy, with pin full sharp, Severely jabbeth him. The tramp right lustily doth howl,

And reacheth for the boy, Who, safely speeding o'er the saard, Explodeth much with joy. Adown the dale, at doub'e quick,

Cometh the cop full stera, And to the bastile suidealy, The tramp's swart face doth turn Tis quiet now, where erst that how The noontide air did rend, One heareth but the locust's grate-Thus doth my idyl end.

### Star Eyes.

for Saturday Night.

Long I rested in the shadows of an ancient forest dim Where the golden sunlight flooded Lofty pillar'd halls within; Where a silver woodland mirror, Clear reflects the silent leaves With the graceful ferns and rushes, .And the web the spider weaves.

Still I lingered when the brightness led from the crimson West, And the ebon robe of evening Fell upon the water's breast; For the starry eyes of Heaven Gazed upon me creamily And among them, brightly shining, Looked the eyes of Emilie

Tender eyes 'mid darkness beaming, Gazing on me in the night. Many years will roll in darkness Unillumined by your light; But whene'er the eyes of Heaven Bends upon me from among then Brighter light from dearer eyes.

G. B.

### "Lost."

There were six that went out in the morning of life From the sweet old home on the farm-Six, with the prayers of a mother's heart To guide and shelter from harm. Down to the city of glare and sin, With souls that seemed steady and strong Six in the beautiful morning of life, And one of the six went wrong !

Stalwart were they, but their baby days Were a memory still to the soul That waited and watched in the lonely home And dreamed with pride of their goal.

And then the message of wealth and fame, In business and art and song -Five gaining crowns that the world saw and praised, But one of the six gone wrong '

Pride flashed the word to the mother's heart, And laid its wealth at her feet, Valor and glory and fame came there, With messages loyal and sweet. Fervent the love that returned her own, Tender, rewarding and strong,
But the sad eye wandered in piteous quest For the one of the six gone wrong

Oh where is my bonny sixth hoy to-night? Wailed the heart that longed in vain What is the laurel or glitter of gold To the throb and the fever and pain These five are safe, but the lost one I crave, Vainly I look and long:
Lost!"—and the heart of the mother broke For the one of the six gone wrong

### Too Sick to Go to

When brother Jack and I were boys, Full twenty years ago, We never feared to go to school Thro' storms of elect and snow But summer weather made us sick-When forests beckoned cool Not sick enough to feel bad, But too sick to go to school

On rainy days' thro seas of mud Undauntedly we sailed, But when the pleasant weather came, Our constitutions failed, Or if a circus chanced to come It found us, as a rule, Not sick enough to feel bad,

Oh often in the morning We woke in woeful plight, But after father went to work Our illness all took flight. We hunted up our fishing rods And sought some shady pool-Not sick enough to feel bad, But too sick to go to school

One day our father happened home As we came straggling in And drew us gently o'er the edge Of the potato bin. That afternoon we sadly sat Beneath the teacher's rule Quite sick enough to feel bad, And too sick to go to school

### Ladies and Women.

The saleslady shines in a silken attire, The price of scant comfort and long-hoarded hire; The chamber maid lady in garments of white And ribbons of scarlet appeals to the sight; The bluest of plushes the cook-lady shows, And fills up the sidewalk wherever she goes; And even the wash-lady proudly steps by In velveteen ruffles that startle the eye; While the woman they walt upon goes about town In a plain little, brown little, tailor-made gown.

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### Noted People.

Mr. Edison smokes a great deal; the more work he does, the more cigars he consumes. Joaquin Miller is about to purchase a yacht and take a trip through the southern part of

the Pacific Ocean.

M. Barbedienne, the famous bronze founder of Paris, exhibits at the Exposition a clock that

is valued at \$70,000. Lord Tennyson asserts that his coming volune of poems will be his absolutely farewell contribution to literature.

The Prince of Wales, who is very fond of his children, calls his daughter Maud "Jack." This Jack may some time become a queen.

Mr. Edwards, United States Consul at Berlin, is a queer fellow. He is actually charged by the Germans with being too closely devoted to his duties. Queen Victoria's recent visit to Wales brings

out the statistics that during her reign of over half a century, twelve days only have been spent in Ireland.

seems he had utterly forgotten.

The Grand Duke of Hesse has established a home-farm at Kranichstein, near Darmstadt, and the Queen has sent him some pedigree cattle and pure bred white pigs from the Shaw and Flemish farms at Windsor.

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The Czar, who recently banished his brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, has now dispatched the Prince of Oldenburg, the commander of the Imperial Guard, upon his travels, and he is ordered to remain out of Russia for a year.

There are only two royal scientists living at the present time worthy of the name. One is Prince Albert of Monaco, well known for his deep sea researches, and the other is the Archdake Ludwig Salvator of Austria, a courageous traveler, and a by no means contemptible

The Prince of Monaco is dead. So the bright little principality from which he takes his name is thrown into pseudo-mourning; for, though he has made his "home" at Chateau building, on the seventh of October. As sev-Marchais, near Loan, the Grimaldi vaults are eral lady artists had asked to be admitted, at though he has made his "home" at Chateau cut deep into the rock from which the Prince has banished himself-by, shall we say, his cupidity.

Alexandre Gustave Eiffel, who has leaned into fame on the strength of nine hundred and seventy five feet of masonry and iron, is a muscular built man of commanding presence with sandy grey hair and closely cropped He is also seven and fifty and has not escaped decoration, being a chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and commander of divers other orders, yet he commences his work daily at six in the morning, and he wears the worst fitting trousers in Europe.

James Gordon Bennett is nine and forty years of age, and has been the sole proprietor of the Herald during nineteen of them. He is a citizen of the world and has an income of something like \$750,000. He spends the greater part of the year in Europe where he is almost better known than in America. He speaks French like a native, and is a champion polo player. He is also much given to hunting, and is yachts have on more than one occasion been the scenes of most exuberant festivity. He is unmarried, albeit once engaged.

And so, if report is to be credited, Amelie Rives is to collaborate with Cotulle Mendes on novel. This ought to be pleasant reading for the society which Mrs. Chanler embellishes and adorns. Cotulle Mendes used to be the husband of Theophile Gautier's daughter Judith. Someone, in the course of discussion, once asked Mme. Mendes, "What, in your opinion, is the worst possible affliction that can befall a woman?" "To know Cotulle Mendes," was the prompt reply. The Mendes's and writes down, coffee. The next item is put have lived apart for years, and Parls makes no down with corresponding delay, and then I secret of the reasons. One might imagine that Mr. Chanler could be better employed at pres- leans his elbows and arms on the table, and ent than popping off small game in Africa while his wife establishes literary partnership with the man whom Dumas fi's once described as "the most depraved and dangerous genius

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway, the honorary president of the Oriental Congress now itting at Stockholm, is no doubt the most learned monarch in Europe. Born on January
21, 1829, he did not ascend the throne before That is really the way some peo 872, when his brother Charle, XV. died, and e has devoted much of his time, especially before, but even after, this event, to hard tudy, scientific research, and literary pursuits. More than forty years ago King Oscar made a somewhat extended journey to Egypt and other eastern countries, and ever since that time he has been largely interested in the progress of Oriental science. The king is an admirable linguist, and speaks with perfect ease the modern European languages. He made an eloquent speech in English at a Freemasons' festival when he visited England last year. At the Oriental Congress he has quite charmed the learned men assembled there with his linguistic knowledge. His address in French at the opening of the Congress was admirable.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, now editor of the Atlantic Monthly, is a fastidious mannered, severely dressed man of striking appearance. with a hopelessly waxed mustache and looks a decade younger than his years, which are fortyeight. He is one of those rare knights of the quill on whom fortune has always smiled; he has never been compelled to exercise his pen for the benefit of his landlady, and never even in his callow journalistic days did he know what it was to sleep on a pile of manuscript, or to wear seedy clothes. He accordingly writes only when in the mood, which is seldom, but his work atones in quality what it lacks in quantity. He has a pretty wit and is a past master in the art of hospitality, but he never quite recovered the shock he sustained on learning that Mr. Craddock the novelist was a woman. He is the severest of editors, almost a tyrant in the matter of style, and he has a black list of excommunicated phrases, any one of which means death to an article. Yet withal he is a kindly editor as budding litterateurs who remember his hints and suggestions can

It is generally know that Walt Whitman,

the "good, gray poet," is very highly esteemed in England whatever may be his rating among his own countrymen. It is not at all aston ishing, then, that Sir Edwin Arnold, the poet editor of the London Daily Telegraph, and author of, among other things, The Light of Asia, should, upon his first opportunity, seek Whitman out and personally assure him of that esteem. There was, accordingly, presented last week, the spectacle of Sir Edwin dashing up in a carriage to the poet's humble cottage in Mickle street, Camden, and rushing upstairs to the study of the good, gray poet, and, indeed, into his very arms. The interview that followed was, it is said, of the most cordial character, and most gratifying to the old man. Sir Edwin told him how much English literati wished to see him on their side of the ocean, and how many cordial messages they sent him. The visitor spoke of Lord Alfred Tennyson's desire to meet him, and of the laureate's disappointment that the American had been unable to accept his repeated invitations to visit him. How very soothing to poor old Walt Whitman this must have been can well be imagined. James Russell Lowell has been placed by a One thing that Sir Edwin said to Walt Whitfriend in possession of the manuscript of an man strikes one as being truly prophetic, and early poem written by himself, which, it that is the Englishman's assurance that no matter how Americans may look upon the old man's genius now they will, in time, come to give him as to many others who were lightly esteemed until they returned to clay, the high place he merits. Indeed, it must be said, that this change in public opinion seems to be already beginning. It does appear rather strange that, in these days of the broadest literature, two poems, filled with true poetry and inspired by art, should, because of their boldness, prevent publishers from taking hold of Walt Whitman's works. The sincerity of the man is only made more apparent by the

### Art and Artists.

referred to are omitted.

fact that he is determined that all his verses or

none shall be published, and by his refusal to

allow a volume to be issued in which the poems

The Art Scudents' Lague will resume work in their old quarters in the Imperial Bank a recent business meeting it was decided to admit them to the privileges of the league. Sketches will have to be submitted, however, and be approved of before candidates will be admitted. The number of drawing nights in the week will be increased to six if business will warrant. From present indications it is evident that during the coming winter many students will endeavor to avail themselves of the excellent chance for art study afforded by the League, and that the membership will be largely increased. The students will probably hold an exhibition of their summer work sometime in October.

Mr. J. W. L. Forster and Mr. and Mrs. Reid are expected back from Europe in a short time, filled with fresh inspiration and enthusiasm drawn from the fountain heads of art.

### How They Act.

Some people saunter into a restaurant, some strut, some glide, a few walk, and I have remarked people who seemed to slide in.

The busy man rushes in, takes the first vacant seat, attracts the attention of the waiter, and takes his food with a rapidity which suggests to me a very inelegant wordgobble.

The staid maiden lady, who has decided upon all details on the way down, gives her order with no hesitation, and with evident satisfaction eats her solitary lunch.

The giddy girl tapa on the bill of fare, steals a glance at herself in the mirror, decides upon the color of that handsome man's mustache observe a vulgar and bold young man. He talks to the pretty waiter with a smirk on his

Three girls come in together. One gets a pencil and begins, "What'll you have, girls?" 'What are you going to have?" is the answer -a duet. "O. I'll have coffee and-" won't; I want tea." Down goes coffee and tea.

"What else ?" "I'll have ham " That is really the way some people talk about so simple a thing as a lunch.

The other day I sat opposite a very sedate lady. She had oysters; and she carefully severed each one before attempting to dispose of it. I watched the operation in the oyster bowl, and imagined that perhaps Dame Nature had decreed that the lady in question could not follow the approved method of eating oysters. I glanced up, only to discover that her mouth was large enough to take care of at least three, What a number of minutes and what an amount of strength had been utterly wasted through false ideas.

Not long ago two country boys came in. They were not accustomed to the lunch-room. They were a little embarrassed, as they saw no vacant seat. Two men at different tables regarded their evident hesitation with twinkling eyes, and as they blundered on, retraced their steps, then stopped still, the eyes of the two men met, and a sneering smile spoiled their faces. The country boys found seats after a time, and I noticed their facial expressions. They looked thoroughly good. The faces of the men who sneered at their discomfiture were in solent, cruel, and crafty in expression. Their clothes of course were more stylish; but too often men who have not yet worn out their first suit of city clothes, are the first to deride the actions of those not accustomed to city ways; and it is not to their credit.

Surroundings influence; and it is impossible that all people should act, think, or talk alike, It would seem as if the jester forgets that the object of his derision may be a better, a nobler, a truer man than he-the unkind scoffer-is. ELMINA.

In Kentucky.

Judge Fusser (consuring belligerent lawyer)

I have always been an advocate of the bar Lawyer Cusser (interrupting)—I ad nit that your honor is the best judge of a drunk of any court in this county.

### Autumn Jokelets.

Justice Guffy-What's your trade? Captive Tramp-City surveyor, your honor.

To escape being fleeced in Paris now one's wits must not be wool-gathering.

These times suit the scissors-grinder. He likes to find things dull,

The stamp window of any postoffice is a sort of Lick observatory.

The hardest time for a man to show his grit is when he is forced to bite the dust.

"This is my buzzy day." said the blue-bottle fly as he lighted on the cherry nose of the toper.

Guzzl·rre-Here's looking at you. De Tanque-Well, here's hoping you can see straighter than I can.

When a man wants to find fault he will do so, even if he has to be up all night looking for it.

A matrimonial tennisclub has been organized at McCork. The members are probably anxious to renew their courting days.

Landladv-How do you like your beefsteak Boarder-Tender. She meant rare or well

Little Annette-Mother, do please buy me a new doll; my old one is quite ashamed when I ask its age.

Old Gent-Little boy, 1 am sorry to see you smoking a cigarette. Little Boy-I ain't smok-ing it. I'm keeping it alight for another feller what's gone on an errant.

Sponger (lingering for dinner invitation) --Aw, soy, maw good feliaw, haw soon wawl youah mastaw hawve dinnaw afsaw he we-

Butler-Directly hafter you're gone, sir. Mrs. Boardinghouse (handing him his second up)-I thought you said you didn't like coffee,

cup)—I thought you said you didn't has conse, Mr. Lacy?

Mr. Lacy—Oh, I don't: but the doctor has recommended to me the hot water cure. "The empress of Austria sits alternately on either side of her horse," says an article on Horsemanship for Women. Everybody will be glad to hear that she sits that way alternately and not simultaneously.

Last Sunday evening an East Side widow, who was known to the entire congregation to be greatly in want of a husband, was praying with great fervency. "Oh, thou knowest the desire of my heart!" she exclaimed. "A M-AN!" responded a brother, with broad accent. "Thy will be done!" exclaimed the widow, amid a snicker from the congregation.

The key to the above inscrutable items was simply as follows: "A horse half a day, and a taking of him home again."

A lady who was giving a large dinner once A lady who was giving a large dinner once, called on an old negro caterer to arrange the dinner and take the trouble off her hands. "Yes, ma'am," said the old cuisinier, "I'll look out for it all; but fust I want to know who de company is. Is there any clergymen and them kind a comin'? "Certainly," said the lady; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Becase, if they's clergymen and that sort comin', you must get more to eat and drink. Them pious fellars eats tremendous!"

drink. Them pious fellars eats tremendous!"

There was a sensation in Newport last week when the news arrived that the Prince of Wales had decided upon wearing three studs on the glistening expanse of his royal shirt bosom instead of two, as has hitherto been the fashion. There was a general scamper in all directions, and until the gentry of the neighborhood were safe behind the extra stud the town looked as though it had been swept by a devastating gale. Within fifteen minutes after the information was received, however, the country was safe, and Stanley Mortimer's smile of confidence was in its wonted place.

One of Denver's leading and wealthiest citi-One of Denver's leading and wealthiest citizens has just built an elegant residence on Capitol Hill. It is intended as a wadding present to a daughter who is to be married soon. The gentleman also owns two houses adjoining those upon which the house is erected. The younger daughter of the gentleman, upon being spoken to about the fine present her sister would receive, remarked:
"Yes, and we are going to put a sign on the two adjoining lots with these words on it, 'These lots go with the other girl.'"

"What is it that keeps you busy writing so late in your study every night?" asked Mrs. Pollywog of her husband.
"I am writing the history of my life."
"I suppose you mention me in it."
"Oh, ves; I call you the sunshine of my existence."

istence."

"Do I really throw so much sunshine into your daily life?"

"I refer to you as the sunshine of my existence because you make it hot for me."

A rise in the thermometer occurred immediately.

The Mother of Charles Stewart Parnell,



Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, the mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, is slowly dying in Bordentown, N J. "No, I am not dead, but dying," she said to a reporter; "my life is slowly but surely ebb-ing away, and I realize that my days are num-bered.

"My life has been one long series of trials and tribulations as far back as I can remember, but during my darkest hours I never thought of dying, for I expected to live to see the Irish people on their native heath, led from under the bondage they suffered from English tyranny and oppression. But I do not believe I will see that happy day, for while the light of my existence is flickering, the hope of Ireland's immediate freedom is lessening day by day.

"I am now in my seventy-fourth year, and as my condition, mentally and physically, forces itself upon my observation, I often wonder how I have passed through so many trying ordeals and lived to such an age. My son has been tram led upon in his views upon the rights of the Irish people, and my heart has bled for every insul' he has received."

Mr. Parnell is but waiting for a lull in Irish politics to come to his mother, whose sad condition is known to him.—Oace a Week,

### Wilkie Collins.

The death of Wilkie Coll a on Monday last took from the world of letters one of its most distinguished and most popt or members. William Wilkie Collins was the son of William Collins, R.A., a painter of some



porn in London 1824. After eaving school ie tried a com-nercial life for ome time but inding it not o his taste he irifted into nany other of the dry and of the dry and omewhat prosic study of law and began to ry his hand on whort stories, which were published in the same of th oppeared in 1850. Since then many works have

in Whire, The Queen of Hearts, No Name, The Mionstone, The Law and the Lady, and The New Magdalen. He wrote several dramas, none of which have lived. For the excellent portrait we publish, taken from one of his recent photographs, we are indebted to the Theater Magazine.

### U shipping His Rudder.

U shipping His Rudder.

A veteran tar, who had served many years in the capicity of boatswain, on getting past exertion, was appointed by his commander, in grateful memory of his former conduct, a kind of sub-gardener at his country seat near Philadelphia. Jack had not long been in possession of his new post when he perceived every morning on walking over the gardens that several of the beds were pawed about and the borders destroyed, indicating by their marks the stealthy visits of some canine wanderer.

Jack immediately communicated the news to the commander, who concurred with him in his opinion as to its cause and advised him to go to the garden a few hours earlier in the morning and give the intruder a warm welcome. Jack accordingly did so. "Hiding himself in the shrubbery, he soon espied a long, lean dog, between a pointer and a mastiff, spring upon the garden wall, and jumping into the garden begin running about and exploring, with a degree of activity and keenness, the depth of a strawberry bed.

Jack watched his opportunity and a the moment the dog had burrowed his head out of sight in leaves, the tar stole behind him with a spade and at a blow struck off his tail; the dog sprang over the garden wall again, yelping. Some time after, when the commander came into the garden. Jack accosted him:

"All right, your honor: we were boarded by a dog, sure enough, of a long, sharp, sailing build, rather white about the bows and dark in the midship."

"And what did you do with him, Jack?"

"I prevented his fluding his way back here any more."

"You did not kill him, Jack!"

any more."
"You did not kill him, Jack!"
"Oh, no, I laid by upon the lookout there in the shrubbery, and when I seed him dowse his bows in the strawberry bed I dropped softly astern and with this here tool unshipped his -that's all

The dog never came back to trouble Jack .- N. Y. Mercury.

What Broke the Engagement.

### Henry Labouchere.

Henry Labouchere, M.P. and editor of Truth, has had a romantic and interesting life. Born in London in 1831, he was educated at Eton and in London in 1831, he was educated at Eton and Cambridge. Leaving college he set out on his travels and arrived in Mexico, where he fell in love with a lady of the circus. He joined the company, and became a sort of Ouida hero. Growing tired of this life, he went to the United States and found his way to St. Paul, then a cluster of shanties, about which the Chippewas roamed. Becoming fascinated by their wild,

roving life he hunted with them for six months. He next brought up in New York, where he thought he would go into the diplomatic service. He became attached to the British Legation at Washington, but at the end of two years he was dismissed for enlisting American citizens for the Crimean war, at the same time with Compton, the British Minister. He next appeared at Sr. Petersburg, then at Constantinople. Finally he became a journalist and member of Parliament for Southampton.

### The Idealist and the Police.

The Russian poet, Count Leo Tolstoi, has almost entirely abandoned the field of litera-ture, and for several years has devoted himself to manual occupations and the preaching of the gospel of temperance, patience and in-dustry. The following characteristic incident lately occurred to him in Moscow. One day as he was driving through the streets he saw a agorodowoj (constable) unmercifully dragging along a peasant for some offence against the city by laws.

The count stopped his carriage, got out and walked up to the constable, saying, "Can you read?"

"Certainly."

"Certainly."
"Have you read the scriptures?"

"Yes."
"Then don't forget that we are commanded to love our neighbor as ourself."
The policeman stared at the count in astonishment, and addressed to him a string of questions in his turn: "And you, can you

Have you read the police regulations?"

No." Well, go and read them first and then

### Touched on the Raw.

"Just met with an incident up the street that touched me to the heart," said a man as he leaned up against a newly painted window-frame on Larned street without care for dam-

What Broke the Engagement.

Miss Henne—And now, dearest, that it is understood that we are to be—oh! blessed reflection—man and wife, suppose I have dear mamma find a sweet little flat for us where we can all three be, oh! so comfortable, without trenching too far on your income, darling.

Mr. Pekke—Oh, certainly, sweetest. By all means, love. And be sure, dearle, she takes a coach to look for it in. 'Charge it to me. Ha, ha, ha! He, he! Ho, ho, ho!

Miss Henne—But, precious, what means this strange hilarity? Are you ill?

Mr. Pekke—Oh! don't mind me, my jewel. I'm delirious with joy at the prospect. That's all, my gem. Excuse me, sweet caramel of my soul, till I ge't a breath of fresh air.

(Exits to a ship for a seven years' whaling yoyage.)

"Durn my hide, but I was touched! I haven't had anything go to my heart as that did for the last twenty years."—Detroit Free

### Truly a Sad Ending.

Free to Sign Elsewhere.



Miss Paragrapher (of Duluth)—Is Mr. Ball engaged to you?

Chicago Girl—He was, but I gave him his release yeaterday.—Time.

### THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dover," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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When dinner was over, the warmth of the evening tempted Lady Hartop and her lady-guests out on to the lawns. The men did not linger long over their claret and the discussion of the day's sport, but soon joined the graceful figures moving ghost-like over the velvety green turf.

There was no moon; the stars shone high in the heavens; the night was fair and clear, and the air was full of the fragrance of flowers. Presently from within the house came the sound of skilful hands playing on the piano in the drawing-room the first chords of a brilliant yet dreamy waltz, and in a few moments half a dozen couples were circling round on the largest lawn in an impromptu dance.

The music brought out those of the men who yet lingered in the dining-room, and among these was Hugh Cameron, who had been engaged in a political argument with Lord Nugent which he could not, without rudeness, have ended earlier.

"Stanley is dancing with Mr. Melville," said There was no moon; the stars shone high in

have ended earlier.

"Stanley is dancing with Mr. Melville," said Lola, as she floated by Hugh in the arms of a bandsome young soldier, whom, "detrimental" though he was, poor Lola found very charming.

al" though he was, poor Lola found very charming.
"You were too late," remarked Lady Beacham, coming up to him. "That young enthusiast forestalled you. Poor boy, it cannot be very pleasant to be hopelessly in love as he is! Are you not jealous, Hugh?" "Horribly," he answered, laughing—"so horribly that I can scarcely conceal the pangs I suffer! Are you wise," he aided, changing his tone, "to expose yourself to the night-air? Let me get you a shaw!,"
"On, no—there is no need! I am not cold.

Oh, no-there is no need! I am not cold. Are you not going to ask me to dance?" she asked lightly. "I believe it is against my doctor's orders; but I think I cannot resist just one waltz with you—if you ask me."
"Ought I to ask you?" he said dubiously.
"Ought I to encourage you in disobeying the doctor's orders?"
"Oh it if o encourage you proceed the course of th

"Oh, is life such a very precious posse sion?" she asked half jestingly, as she put her hand

who his shoulder.

"It should be to you," he replied, placing his arm around her waist.

"To me!" she whispered. "I care so little for it that I should welcome death this recognity."

"Oh, it is quite true;" she declared reck-lessly. "If you knew how I have suffered! But "-she laughed as she broke off--"I have

But —she laughed as she broke oil—"I have no right to intrude my sorrows upon your happiness. Let me tell you again, in all frankness, how charming Miss Gerant is."
"My happiness has not made me forget your goodness to me," he said gently. "Is your sorrow one that you can confide to an old friend like myself!"

lauzhed again, a strange bitter reckless

She lauzhed again, a strange bitter reckless laugh which jarred upon his ears.

"An old friend!" she echoed, with a catch in her voice. "I cannot tell you my sorrow; but it has been so great, so bitter, that it will, as I have said, make the doom with which the doctors threaten me welcome! Stop now, Hugh; I am tired."

They had reached the farther end of the lawn, which was overshadowed by trees. As the young man paused obediently, he felt that she rested heavily against his arm. He bent over her anxiously.

"Not cold!" she repeated. "Then she is very proud!"
"I think she is proud," he answered, smiling. "But pride, as I read once in a proverb chalked up in a foreign picture gallery. is 'he quality by which great things are achieved."
"She looks capable of great things," replied Lady Beacham, musingly. "She is like a 'sainted lady of olden time who is proud and strong to endure. Tenderness would not suit her lofty style of beauty," she added. "I think nothing could make her bend or stoop or deviate an inch from the path of duty. I fancy she would sacrifice herself and what is dearest to her on earth rather than yield in anything she deemed right. It is a beautiful type of character—it belongs to nobler times than ours. I hope you will not find it difficult to get on with in every day life." with in every day life."
"I am not afraid," Hugh answered, coldly.

with in every day life."

"I am not afraid," Hugh answered, coldly.

"Shall I take you back to the house?"

"Have I vexed you?" she asked, quickly.

"Is M ss Gerant so sacred in your eyes that you cannot bear to hear her spoken of by such an old friend as myself? Hugh, don't you understand that nothing can be of greater interest to me now than your happiness?"

The earnest tenderness of her voice softened his momentary irritation; she had put her little hand upon his arm, and he could feel it trembling as it rested there.

"You are very good!" he answered. "My future looks very bright, dear Lady Beacham!"

"Ah," she exclaimed, "but over the brightest skies clouds will come sometimes! If anything should part you—"

He held up his head haughtily.

"Nothing can part us but death," he replied. "Lady Beacham, to so kina a friend as yourself! I can speak freely. I love Stanley Gerant with the one love of my life—and she loves me. That being so, we can look forward fearlessly to the life before us, since it is to be spent side by side."

She made no answer, although the quietly

She made no answer, although the quietly She made no answer, although the quietly spoken words had hurt her far more than the state of a knife would have done, and involuntarily she put her hand to her side with a gesture of pain. The trening had been full of torture for her—terming had been full of torture for her—terming had known before coming to Combermere that she would suffer at the sight of Hugh Cameron's devotion; but she had not expected to suffer so keenly; and, although both Hugh and Stanley were far too proud and reserved to wear their hearts upon their sleeves, her jealous eyes had been quick to detect the perfect love and faith which existed between them. That first dinner had tried her patience severely. She felt

miserable, reckless, bitter, and there was a fierce longing in her heart to make Stanley suffer as she suffered.

"Perfect as she is, if she loves him she will be jeslous," she had said to herself; and her dance with Hugh, her lingering with him in the semi darkness of this distant and deserted part of the lawn, were all means to an end.

Every moment her own jealous pain was increasing, and with it her recklessness. It was the first time her beauty had failed to win for her the admiration and love she longed for; it was the first time too that her heart had been in her desire to please. She loved Hugh Cameron with all the passion of her nature; and she hated Stanley with equal intensity. If she could have killed her, she would have done so gladly and without remorse; but, since she eron with all the passion of her nature; and she hated Stanley with equal intensity. If she could have killed her, she would have done so gladly and without remorse; but, since she dared not kill her, she would destroy her happiness. Stanley's proud serenity was maddening to her—her smiling indifference galled her almost past endurance. The girl's manner to her fiance, calm as it was, seemed like an insult. How dared she look so perfectly happy and serene? How dared she meet Hugh with glances which told of such absolute trust, such profound tenderness, and which pierced the woman who watched them to the heart? A consuming feeling of envy held her in its dreadful grasp, and she did not try to shake it off. Stanley should suffer as deeply as she suffered, she vowed to herself; and, if Hugh Cameron must suffer also, he would be easily consoled when the first pangs were over.

"It is very charming to see such perfect love and faith," she said softly. "It is like a little bit of a novel or an episode of those by-gone days when people were in earnest, as they so rarely are now. It is very petty and touching; but"—she broke off with a reckless laugh—"it is a little amusing sometimes to worldly-minded people like myself.

"Is it?" he replied coldly. "May I say how delighted we shall be to think we have contributed to your anusement, Lady Beacham? He spoke with evident constraint. He had liked Laura Beacham much at one time—his liking had very nearly become love—and, on seeing her again, he had been touched by her delicate appearance and her half-jesting, half-pathetic allusions to her ill-health; but something in her tone when she alluded to Stanley angered him, although he was too free from conceit to think that his engagement could have given a moment's pain to this beautiful woman who had a legion of lovers sighing at her feet and had discalned them all.

"You are angry," she whispered, after a moment's silence; "but you need not be."

She drew nearer to him in the dim light and put her clasped hands upon his arm. S

put her clasped hands upon his arm. She was so near to him that by bending his head he could have touched her face with his lips; her eyes, shining like stars in her pale face, seemed to burn as they rested upon his. Great as his love for Stanley Gerant was, his heart throbbed fast at the touch of Laura Beacham's

throbbed fast at the touch of Laura Beacham's jewelled fingers.
"Do not be angry with me!" she whispered softly. "Have you not made me suffer enough this evening?" She broke again into a reckless ripple of laughter, then went on, in a low tone of bitter pain—"Do you remember a story of Hans Anderson's in which a little mermaid who dances before the prince and I is bride feels as if she were dancing on the blades of sharp swords, and that every time the prince smiles upon the bride one of the sharp points stabs her? That is how I have felt to-night! Ah," she said wildly, as she took her hands from his arm and pressed them to her own

said, coming up to him at the close of the impromptu dance. "She has gone to her room, I think she is not very well. Did you have a pleasant waltz, Hugh! I enjoyed it immensely, although oak is preferable to turt."

He smiled, and made some half-inaudible reply; for the sense of confusion was strong upon him still. The dance-music had ceased; Carlos Melville had taken Lady Hartop's place at the piano, and was playing one of Mendelssohn's Lieder. ssohn's Lieder.
"Must you go to morrow, Hugh?" the girl asked wistfully. "It is our picnic to Foun-

Hugh roused himself with an effort, feeling for the darkness; for he could not

have me ally wanted me, is for ne could not have met Stanley's eyes just then.

"I must gc. darling," he said, as the girl slipped her hand within his arm and they sauntered slowly towards the house. "I am sure my father would not have sent for me unlaws he really wanted me, he is for the compident. ess he really wanted me; he is far too consider.

should not have loved you had you been un-worthy, Hugh! "Who could be worthy of you, my b.loved?" he returned, with passionate fervor. "If you have a fault, it is your perfection!" She laughed, looking up at him with tender

She laughed, looking up at him with tender regard.

"Would you love me better if I were yet more faulty than I am?" she asked gaily.

"I could not!" he answered, smiling. "It would be impossible!"

She laughed again, and they entered the drawing-room together. As they passed in at the French window a white-clad figure shrank farther back into the shelter of the long lace curtains, and the next moment glided to the other end of the room.

"That is Lady Beacham," said Stanley carelessly, glancing after her. "I thought she had gone to her rooms."

Hugh's eyes followed the white figure with a remorseful glance, as he remembered, with a pang of compassion, the pathetic fairy tale to which she had alluded.

"But perhaps," he said to himself, "she did not hear."

CHAPTER IX.

CHAPTER IX.

Hugh Cameron left Combernere early the next morning before any of the house-party had appeared, except Stanley, who, in a pretty gray gown and a broad-brimmed gray hat, came down to pour out his coffee, looking very lovely notwithstanging the unusual expression of gravity in her eyes. Hugh himself looked rather pale and tired, she thought—as if he had not slept well—and he seemed depressed and talked little as she drove him to the station in Lady Harton's pony carriage.

at taked little as she drove him to the station in Lady Hartop's pony carriage.

It was a pleasant drive in the fresh morning air, and the pretty ponies got over the two miles all too quickly for Stanley, who thought how dull the August day would seem without Hugh. She had forgotten all about Lady Beacham and her momentary jealousy; she had remembered it on the previous night in the solitude of her room, and had confessed it and repented of it in her prayers. Never again would she doubt Hugh, she had told herself; and a feeling of remorse so deepened the tenderness of her manner towards him that the young man had some difficulty in restraining himself from taking her in his arms and pressing her to his heart.

"You will come back to morrow?" she said, as they stood together on the platform of the station.

as they stood to ether on the platform of the station.

"If I can, my darling," he answered fondly, "Of course I don't know how long my father will want me for; but I know he will not detain me unless he is obliged. In any case, Stanley, our visit here was to end on Saturday: and, if I don't see you before, we shall meet at Eyncourt on that day."

"But this is only Tuesday!" she said, smiling, with a wistful upward glance.

"Give me one of your flowers!" he said, touching a knot of yellow roses that she wore at her throat, as the train came into the station and he took his place. "Give me all of them, Stanley, and then I shall be sure that Melville will not get one!"

She laughed as she obeyed him and disengaged the flowers. He took them gently from her; and, as the train moved away, she saw that he put them to his lips.

The next moment he was gone, and they were parted, to meet again with a terrible gulf between them which he could not and she would not pass.

Introduce in the same which harried upon his ears.

"An old friend!" she chood, with a catch mher voice. "I cannot tell you my surrow, as I have said, make the doom with which the doctors threaten me welcome! Stop now, Hugh! I am tired.

"I think you are mistaken," he answered, smile, "Nor yet," she mura unred. "Bear with my weakness of nor amonent." I am not faint—only larve she rested the house," "Nor yet," she mura unred. "Bear with my weakness for a moment." I am not faint—only larve enterplied in the said, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for severy happy old times," she went on; "but his fair, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for severy happy old times," she went on; "but his fair, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some content of the said, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some content is a said, anxiously," Let was eakeness of a moment. I am not faint—only larve no strength to move.

"Not yet," she muraured. "Bear with my weakness for a moment." I am not faint—only larve no strength to move." "I we have not it to dance!" "An, den fregret those few moments!" she said, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the meaning her east of the said, turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some them, is a said to said the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some content is a said that the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some content is a said to the content is an expectation. The said the said that the extending her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beautiful eyes upon him in that for some the said turning her beau would not pass.

Stanley drove back to Combernere with a

He felt as it he were a coxcomb; he despised himself for imagining that beautiful proud Lady Beacham had any other feeling for him but friendship; yet in his heart he knew that he had not mistaken her meaning—that he had understood her aright, as she had meant him to understand.

he had not mistaken her meaning—that he had understood her aright, as she had meant him to understand.

Looking back into the past, he recalled his first meeting with Lady Beacham. He remembered his own intense admiration for her beauty, and now it had haunted him for days after he had seen her, and how anxiously he had looked forward to seeing her again. And, when they had met, she had been scornful and languid until, as they began to know each other better, it had seemed as if the "woman of snow" had thawed a little, as if she had grown gentler. She had welcomed him with one of her faint sweet smiles and a half-veiled glance from her blue eyes, and she had shown him favor enough to make her admirers look at him with resentful glances. There had even been moments when he had felt the power of her beauty so much that he had almost fancied he loved her; and his admiration might have deepened into love if he had not met Stanley Gerant and loved her at first sight with the one love given once in a lifetime only. If his heart beat a little more swiftly than usual at the thought that it was at least possible that Lady Beacham cared for him, it was perhaps but natural. She was a queen in the great world of society, and she had been sought by the most eligible men of the day. Men had her with passionate devotion, had loved her to distraction, without receiving the slightest reward. She had been proud and cold to others; she had not been proud and cold to others; she had not been proud to him. When they had met at one of the few great entertainments at "lich she had deligned to be present, in her wonderful jewels, she had shown him a graciousness which others had envied, but which Hugh himself had not wondered at. He had been accustomed to graciousness from women; for his handsome face and his refined manners pleased some, and his position as Mr. Philip Cameron's only son and heir attracted others. He had not sufficient vanity to think that Lady Beacham had singled him out for especial favor; and now the knowledge, or sauntered slowly towards the house. "I am sure my father would not have sent for me unless he really wanted me; he is far too considerate."

"That is because he is so devoted to Lady Sara," rejoined Stanley, brightly. "I hope, if we live to be a middle-aged couple, Hugh, we shall be as they are."

"Amen!" he answered fondly; then, with a sudden impulse, he added, eagerly: "Nothing in the world can come between us, Stanley! I know that, my darling; but I like to hear you say so. Nothing could take your love from me—nothing could part us!"

"Only death!" she murmured, softly. "It parted my father and mother, Hugh. It alone could part you and me!"

They were near the house now, and the soft dreamy music sounded clear and distinct; the light from the drawing-room windows streamed out upon them, its soft gleams falling upon Stanley's earnest face. She had tied a little lace handkerchief under her chin; her eyes and cheeks were bright with excitement and pleasure; she looked so fair, so serene, so pure, that involuntarily he contrasted her with the beautiful passionate woman whose words were still sounding in his ears, whose heart seemed to be throbbing near his own, and he felt as if he were unworthy of this true-hearted girl who was to be his wife. "You will not fail me, Stanley—unworthy as I am!"

"Unworthy!" she whispered softly. "I

certain amount of pain and self-denial. With a sudden feeling of remorseful tenderness, he raised Stanley's yellow roses from his knee and once more put them to his lips.

Mr. Cameron was awaiting his son in the library of the handsome house at Queen's Gate, which once had been one of the pleasantest in London, but which now, owing to Lady Sara Cameron's ill-health, was scarcely occupied, save by the wealthy shipowner himself and his son; and the only entertainments given there were dinner-parties en garcon of a very recherche kind.

Philip Cameron, the head of the well-known firm of Cameron, S'ace and Co., was a hand-some man between fifty and sixty years old. His features were regular, and from his mother, who had been an Italian, he inherited his vel who had been an Italian, he inherited his velvety dark eyes. His hair and beard were almost white, the latter cut and trimmed a la Henri IV., and he was perfectly dressed, without being stiff or in any degree foppish. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a quaint old-fashioned signet-ring.

Not only was he a handsome man, but he had that indescribable air which, for want of a better word, is called interesting. He was clever too—a politician who had made his mark even as the shrewd far-seeing honorable man of business had increased the high reputation of his firm as well as its great wealth.

His social position was unassailable; and, had not his wife's ill health forced her to lead the life of a recluse, the doors of every great house in London would have been opened to them.

Lady Sara's delicacy was however the only

Lady Sara's delicacy was however the only cloud on the the horizon of Philip Cameron's life; for the few who had had the opportunity of witnessing it averred that their domestic happiness was perfect, and that after thirty years of married life they were lovers still.

There was a heavy shadow on Mr. Cameron's brow as he turned from his writing table and threw himself into an arm-chair which stood near.

threw himself into an arm-chair which stood near.

The room, which was large and lofty, contained some handsome bronzes and one or two fine marbles, but only one picture, which hung over the mantelpiece. It was the portrait of a beautiful young woman bolding a child upon her shoulder. Both figures were replete with life, health and vigor, and the faces bore a strong likeness to each other; out, while in the mother's eyes, smiling though she was, lurked an indefinable look of sadness, the boy's laughing face was ful of childish delight at his lofty position.

As he sat in his arm-chair, Philip Cameron's eyes rested upon the picture, and there came into them a great yet sorrowful tenderness. The wide world held nothing so dear to him even now as the woman portrayed there; for

into them a great yet sorrowful tenderness. The wide world held nothing so dear to him even now as the woman portrayed there; for her his love was greater even than his deep affection for his son; and yet from her hand he had received the one heavy sorrow his life had known—a sorrow which even now influenced his life in many and important matters.

"She must not know if I can help it!" he said to himself, as he looked up at the radiant lovely face with the haunting sorrow in its lovely eyes, "She must not know!"

Rising from his chair, he began slowly to pa e the room—not with the restless uneven step of an excited man or one ill at ease, but calmly thoughtfully, as if the regular movement aided thought. Once he passed before the writing table and looked down for a moment at the concluding lines of a letter which he had written half an hour before, and which still lay open upon the blotting-pad.

"It was impossible to do otherwise," he said, half aloud. "There was no alternative. But Hugh—will he accept the reasons I can give him? My boy—my poor boy!"

The shadow deepened on his face as, with a slight shrug of the shoulders, he turned away and recommenced pacing up and down the room.

(To be Continued.)

A Precious Relic.

"That's a very funny old cane you have got there. I'd like to buy it from you." "Can't sell it. It is an old family heirloom. I wouldn't sell it for anything in the world. My great-grandfather used to maul my great-grand mother with it.



Visitor-Is the editor in ? Editor (as he does the vanishing act)-Yee s



Visitor-Excuse me, but I only wish to show you the patent Automatic Revolver fan, only twenty live cents each.-Life.

When She Was Sure.

"It's always a relief to me when it comes time to pay off Bridget," said Mrs. Howeskeep. "Why?" Inquired her husband. "Because that is the only time when I feel positive that she doesn't employ me."

Misunderstood the Second Syllable. The young woman (on the platform of Eiffel tower)-Doesn't it seem strange to you, Mr Spoonamore, that so little oscillation is notice able up here? The young man (eagerly)—Not at all, Miss Ethel. I have no doubt there is a great deal of it indulged in here, but i: can't be seen from below. The elevation is too great. And now,

Miss Ethel, you will-I am sure you will par-

don—
The young woman (arresting his forward movement by a freezing look)—I said oscillation, Mr. Spoonamore, not osculation, (After a depressing silence)—I think, Mr. Spoonamore, it is time to descend.—Chicago Tribune.

Not The Only One.

"My friend," said one passenger to another in a railroad car, "excuse me, but is that liquor you're drinking?" "It is that."

"And how much, may I ask, did you pay for that bottle?"

"Fifty cents."
"Fifty cents! I never spent fifty cents in my life for liquor."
"You ain't the only one, my friend, that sponges for his drinks, but you ain't goi ig to g it any of this, you bet!"



WOMEN AND MICE.

WOMEN AND MICE.

The reason why a woman is afraid of a mouse is a profound mystery—indeed, it has never been very clearly proven that she is. But some women are constantly in such a nervous, irritable condition that the slightest thing annoys and startles them. The cause of this unfortunate state of affairs is usually some functional derangement; some distressing or painful irregularity, some derangement or peculiar weakness incident to her sex; or, it may be due to inflammation, ulceration or displacement, of some of the pelvic viscera, or to other organic lesions peculiar to her sex. From whichever cause it may arise, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a positive remedy, so certain in its curative results that its manufacturers sell it, through druggists, under a quarantee of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing siece and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

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Publisher

And after the fright we had the other night, too!.

"Oh, that has blown over completely! He has never alluded to it again; I quite persuaded him that it was entirely an accidental thing your dropping in, and that you came to see aunt Ad laide. I assure you he has never mentioned your name since."

"H'm," murmured Laurie dubiously—"that doesn't prove that he doesn't remember it! By George, when I think of his face as I came in! I never had such a turn in my life—it made me turn quite cold!"

They were walking slowly together along the path park which runs parallel to Park Lane. It was six o'clock, a mild fine winter evening, and it was pitch-dark. Since the catastrophe of the by-gone unlucky evening Lucille had been afraid to allow Laurence Doyle to come openly to the house; and so she had arranged to run out from her aunt's house as soon as Adrian's afternoon visit was over—he usually went away at half-past five—and meet Laurie at the little gate in the park at the end of Green street.

It was the day before the Uxerton races, and

een street.
was the day before the Uxerton races, and

CHAPTER XXVII.

I: was the day before the Uxerton races, and Laurie was trying to persuade her to give up her wild and perilous expedition. He might as well have endeavored to move the Marble Arch, upon which his eyes were fixed.

Lucille looked forward to the adventure with all the zest and delight, of a child who is plotting an escape from school. The fact that Adriah had forbidden her to see Laurence Doyle only increased her determination to go her own way, and the element of danger did but add fuel to the self-will and the reckless bravado which had completely taken possession of her.

sion of her.

She did not tell Mr. Dayle that her lover had forbidden her to see him; for she said to herself that men were cowards, and that it was of no use telling him everything. Nevertheless he knew enough to be sure that she would get into serious trouble if she were found out; and he told her so very plainly and very emphatic-

But I shall not be found out!" she cried "But I shall not be found out!" she cried invitably. "I tell you he starts to night for Scotland, and he will not be back for a week. He is coming to dine with us at a quarter past seven, and he is to bring his luggage round to Green street; so that I shall actually see him go. You may be sure that I shall pack him off in good time to catch his train—trust me to do hat!"

And then there is Lady Elwyn. What are "And then there is Lady Elwyn. What are you going to say to her.
"My dear Laurie, what a coward you are! I shall leave the house at half past eight, before my aunt is out of bed. I shall tell her to night that Kathleen has asked me to spend a long day with her, as that new companion of hers is going away, and I shall go out directly I have had my breakfast in my room. She will never know at what time I started; and I shall be bask by dinner-time—you have promised me that."

make my breakfast in my room. She will never know at what time I started; and I shall be back by dinner-time-you have promised me that.

"One would think that you did not want to have me with you!" she pouted, pretending to draw away her hand from under his arm.

"My dearest," he cried, holding it fast, "you know It is not that; you know that I shall be delighted to take you, and to be alone with.

"And he sighed. "But then I am afraid trouble may come of it afterwards for you. Lucille," he added very seriously, "suppose by any chance Deverell should find it out, and suppose your engagement came to an end-would you marry me then?"

"And whe sighed. "But then I am afraid trouble may come of it afterwards for you. Lucille," he added very seriously, "suppose by any chance Deverell should find it out, and suppose your engagement came to an end-would you marry me then?"

"And when the started is a suppose of the should make a quarrel be ween you, and suppose your engagement came to an end-would you marry me then?"

"And when the started is a suppose of the should make a quarrel be ween you, and suppose your engagement came to an end-would you marry me then?"

"And you marry me then?"

"And you marry me then?"

"My dear Laurie, I was always a bad hand at guessing conundrums, so don't ask unanswerable questions! And now I must run home: and at half-past eight tomorrow morning, wet or fine, I shall be here by this gate to meet you. I have quite set my shart upon group, role so no use your saying her to prove the darkness he seized her by the gate to meet you. I have quite set my shart upon group, role so no use your saying the shart of the provent of the darkness he seized her by the gate to meet you. I have quite set my shart upon in his arms and covered the beautiful false fac with passionate kisses-kisses such as no man on earth had the right to press upon the lips of the future Lady Deverell. But hull false fac with passionate kisses-kisses and hand a suppose your saying he door vi her provided her provided her pro

on her shining head before the glass. It suited her to perfection; and in the rapture of the prospect of wearing this new finery her conscience forgot to trouble her about the disgraceful action which she contemplated, nor did she even feel nervous about it's dangers.

Then her maid came in; and she made haste to dress in a simple black evening-gown, and hurried down-stairs, to find Adrian and her annt awaiting her for dinner.

Sir Adrian's luggage stood in the hall, and the mere sight of his portmanteau and hat box made Lucille feel quite gay and happy at the prospect of his departure. Long before there was the least occasion for it, she meant to tell the butter to have a cab summoned and the luggage placed upon it. She had said to Laurie that she was not going to let him miss his train. Dinner was over at last. Deverell had swallowed his coffee and stood up before the dinington fire whilst the butter brought in his heavy furdined traveling coat. Adrian consulted his witch.

"I have heaps of time," he remarked.

I have heaps of time, he remarked. Our clocks here are rather slow, said o-not by my watch. However, since the

"No—not by my watch. However, since the cab is here—"

Yes; it would be a pity if you missed your train, "said Lucille, who was nervously anxious to see him depart.

Lady Elwyn unconsciously played into her niece's hands by observing that, for her part, she always preferred to have plenty of time at the station when she was going on a journey.

saways preferred to have pienty of time at station when she was going on a journey. Very well; I may as well start," Sir Adrian d, while the butler was helping him with coat. He set light to his cigar with Lady wyn's permission, shook hands with her, kissed Lucille lightly on the forehead.

a nother minute he was off, and the sound the cah wheel; rolled away nickly down the cab wheels rolled away quickly down street. Lucille seemed to breathe more ely; and then she and her aunt went up

"I cannot think why you want to spend the day with that hateful girl," said her aunt to her, when she had unfolded her little plan for the morrow to her, as they sat together before the fire. "I always thought you did not like her."

## Lord Elwyn's Daughter

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'You had much better give it up, Lucille," said Laurence Doyle. "I really don't think it is at all a safe thing to do—anybouy might see you there, and mention it to Sir Adrian. And after the fright we had the other night,

happens to suit me; because, as Adrian will be absent, I shall have no ties at home."

"That is true! May I see her letter?"

"Unfortunately I have torn it up. There was nothing else in it. I think I may as well gratify her, and go directly after breakfast. You will not be up, aunt Adelaide, so that I will not disturb you in the morning. I shall be back in good time for dinner.

"Very well; perhaps you are right to go. Of course I can never set eyes on her again; it would make me!!! to see her after all the trouble she has brought upon me." For by this time Lady Elwyn had almost persuaded herself to believe that Kathleen had killed her father.

"But your case is different. My dear, go if you like; and I will call upon and lunch with my old friends in Grosvenor place, so that I shall not miss you." And presently the ladies parted for the night.

Clever as Miss Maitland was, she had on this occasion been a little too clever—she had over-reached her mark. She had said to Laurie that she would see that Sir Adrian went off sufficiently early to catch his train, and she had dispatched him in such good time that, when he looked at his watch as the cab was turning into Oxford street, he found that he had over

dispatched him in such good time that, when he looked at his watch as the cab was turning into Oxford street, he found that he had over forty-five minutes in which to get to Euston station. He determined to drive to his club and call for his letters.

The cab horse was a good one. In seven minutes Sir Adrian reached Pall Mall. He ran up the steps of his club and the porter handed him one letter.

He tore it open hastily and read:

'The Lady Superior of the Nurses' Institute, Bloomsbury Square, presents her compliments to Sir Adrian Deverell, and writes to inform him that Mrs. Hyam returned last night to town, and is staying for two days only at No. 15 Tiverton street. She will be leaving London for a situation in Devonshire early on Friday morning."

for a situation in Devonshire early on Friday morning."

Sir Adrian stood hesitating for a moment with the letter in his hand; then he turned to the porter and said—

"Go and take my luggage out of that cab and pay the cabman;" and to himself he remarked, "Scotland can wait. I shall put off going until Friday. The chance of getting hold of Mrs. Hyam is too good a one to be thrown away."

He sent off a telegram to Edinburgh, wrote a note to Tiverton street making an appointment to call on the nurse at eleven o'clock the next morning, and spent the remainder of the evening quietly at his club.

On the following morning, punctual to the minute, he presented himself at the house in Tiverton street, and was shown into a small humbly-furnished parlor by a respectable old woman in a black net cap and a rusty black stuff dress.

woman in a black net cap and a respectacie old woman in a black net cap and a rusty black stuff dress.

"My daughter in-law will see you directly, sir. Will you please take a seat?"

"Is Mrs. Hyam your daughter - in - law, madam? Then your name is Hyam too?"

"No, sir. My name is Cole; my son has just married—"

"Oh, I see! Mrs. Hyam is now Mrs. Cole!" said Adrian, smiling; and then the door opened and Mrs. Cole the vounger entered, whilst Mrs. Cole the elder disappeared.

"Well, I'm sure, Sir Adrian, this is a great honor to me! I am proud to see you, sir!"

"I must congratulate you, Mrs. Cole!" replied Adrian, with emphasis on the surname.

Mrs. Cole—late Hyam—simpered and looked down modestly; and, these little preliminaries being despatched, Adrian proceeded to business.

"Law come to see you Mrs. Cole because."

for have known, I a never have left the room for one minute."

"You did leave him then?" said Adrian quickly. "For how long, Mrs Cole? Surely for longer than one minute?"

"Well, sir, if you promise never to breathe a word of it at the Institute—for I am sure it shall never occur again, sir, and it would go dreadfully against me there if it were to be known—"

"You may rely on me, Mrs. Cole;" and again Sir Adrian rustled the bank-notes between his

Sir Adrian rustled the bank-notes between his fingers.

"Then, sir, I will make a clean breast of it! I did linger a bit down-stairs. I got talking, you see, and didn't notice the time. It's very dull for a nurse, you know, sir, sitting always in a sick-room, and just a little change of scene and company cheers one up and helps to send one back fresher. Well, I stayed talking in the pantry, sir—if the truth must be known, it might have been ten minutes, and I won't exactly swear that it might not have been twenty."

Adrian took out his pocket-book and wrote

twenty."

Adrian took out his pocket-book and wrote down the nurse's statement.

"Yes: and, while you spent those ten or twenty minutes down stairs, Mrs. Cole, what went on up stairs in the sick-room! You say you did not leave Lord Elwyn alone. Who was there?"

"Well, sir; I will tell you the exact truth. As I was a-tidying up things in the dressing room, there came in a most lovely young ladynot his lordship's daughter as had been sitting with him some time previously, but another day with that hateful girl," said her aunt to her, when she had unfolded her little plan for the morrow to her, as they sat together before the fire, "I always thought you did not like her."

"I don't like her much. But then I have been thinking that it is as well to keep in with her. She is very rich, and she will probably make a good marriage; it might be convenient to me to know her by and by, and very inconvenient to be on bad terms with her. On the whole, I think I will go. She has written me a nice letter asking me to go for the whole day to-morrow, as her companion will be away. It not to speak. I just waited a minute to listen if all was quiet after she had gone into the room, and then I ran down-stairs; and the very next thing I hears is all them screams and shrieks upstairs; and, when I came rushing in, his lordship lay in his death-agony on the floor, and the lawyer-gentleman was kneeling by his side and the pretty young lady, screaming the house down, rushing along the passages towards the s'aircase."

There was a moment's silence; then Adrian said very gravely—

"You know that young lady's name, Mrs. Cole!"

There was a moments silence; then Adrian said very gravely—
"You know that young lady's name, Mrs. Cole?"
"Yes, sir; I was told afterwards. It was Miss Maitland, her ladyship's own niece; and I was told too that she had no love for Miss Elwyn, and would have liked to persuade her uncle to change his will before he died."
"Mrs. Cole, tell me what you really think happened—was Miss Maitland to blame?"
"Yes, sir, decidedly, because I warned her most particularly not to agitate the patient, and told her that it would be most dangerous if he got excited; and she certainly must have wakened him up and said something to agitate and excite him. Why, the very fact of her calling the lawyer shows that! Why did she call the lawyer? If I'd been there, I'd never have let tha' lawyer into the room, sir—not till his lordship had had a night's rest, at any rate. Oh, I take blame to myself, sir, I assure you! I know I ought never to have left the poor gentleman. But there—the best of us is but human, Sir Adrian—and it's been a lesson to me, anyhow!"
"What you tell me is very serious, Mrs. Cole," said Adrian, after a pause. "I have written it all down, but not for any other purpose save my own satisfaction. I do not mind informing you that what you tell me only corrobrates my own very strong suspicions. But of course your story will not be made use of against you—in fact, it could not be so used, as there is no one else to testify to its truth."
"Well, I'm not so sure of that, Sir Adrian. There's my husband as could swear to my going down-stairs and to the length of time I stayed out of the room. Ah, here he is, sir! You remember John, I dare say, as was upper-footman at the Castle?"
And, to Sir Adrian's intense surprise, the late upper-footman at Clortell Towers entered the room and announced himself to be none other than John Cole.
"Yes, sir," said his wife, in explanation, "me and John settled it together at that time. I had met him once before two years ago, so we were old friends; and it were that very evening as I stole do

ing as I stole down into the pantry to see nim that John give me a glass of sherry and asked me to marry him."

"And it took twenty minutes to do it?" remarked Sir Adrian, with a smile.

By this time the rustling bank-notes had been transferred from Adrian's pocket-book to Mrs. Cole's fat comfortable hands; and so, as the object of his visit had been accomplished, he wished the worthy couple all good fortune and happiness and bade them adieu.

When he was outside in the street again, he raised his hat for a moment from his head and drew a long breath of relief.

"Now for Lucille," he said to himself. "With this evidence I must force her to confess all and to vindicate Kathleen's honor. She must do so in writing freely and completely, or I shall refuse to marry her. But she will do it. My name and fortune are too highly prized by her—she will not sacrifice them. What I will do then shall be this. I will marry her, and she shall have her settlement and her share of my fortune; but we shall separate afterwards. I will have a deed of separation drawn up which we shall both sign immediately after our marriage. I will be her husband in name only. Those are the terms I will lay before her. I shall be as far from Kathleen as ever; but at least I will not be forced to live with a woman whose character I loathe and detest, and for whom I have not one spark either of affection or esteem!"

He determined to wait until the hour of his usual afternoon visit to Green street. He had letters to write and some business matters to transact, and it was not till six o'clock in the evening that he entered Lady Elwyn's drawing room.

He found that lady alone.

evening that he entered Lady Elwyh's drawing room.

He found that lady alone.
"Why, Adrian," she cried, in astonishment, as he entered, "you have not gone to Scotland then!"
"No. I was stopped at the last moment by some important business. I shall go to-morrow night instead. Where is Lucille! I want to see her."

termination of Lord Elwyn life?"

Mrs. Cole turned red and white; she looked at her questioner with evident apprehension, and seemed uncertain as to what she should say.

"My memory is not very good, sir," she began hesitatingly.

"Let me try to refresh it," said Adrian; and, as he spoke, he drew out his pocket-book, and began fingering ostentatiously two crisp five-pound notes.

Mrs. Cole's countenance began to beam once more as her eyes feil upon them.

"Oh, sir, to a gentleman, of course I would not mind what I said, more especially as I feel sure you would not go and take the bread out of a poor woman's mouth by making use of anything against her!"

"Nothing that you can say shall be used against you, Mrs. Cole. For my own private satisfaction only I desire to find out the truth as to that evening's calamity."

Mrs. Cole sat down and crossed her hands in



Mr. Wm. G.—Say, Nana, will you take luncheon with me? I know where there's a nice lot of fresh tomato cans.

Miss Nana G.—Thank you, Billy; but I've just eaten half of Mrs. Mooney's wash, and I couldn't hold another mouthful.—Puck.

Bustles Going Out.

Miss Kuntrified (to dry goods clerk)-Have you got any bustles? Clerk-A few. Bustles are going out, you

know.
"They be? Gracious, if they go out much further, we girls 'll have to stand up all the time."—The Whistler.

True Enough. Postmaster-The letter is too heavy; it wants another stamp.
Countrywoman—Why, that will make it heavier still!

She Took a Pull Herself.

Some Edinburgh students, on a football tour to Glasgow, wished to secure a carriage for themselves. An old woman came rushing forward as the train was about to start, when one of the students exclaimed, "Smoking compartment mistress."

partment, mistress."

The old woman being anxious to get in, ex claimed, "Never mind!" After the train started the students chuckled

# Gooding HAVE YOU PEARS' SOAP?

lators, and all began to smoke. After they had been full half an hour on their journey—the carriage being full of smoke—one of them felt sick, and took his pipe out of his mouth. Old woman—If ye're dune, sir, wad ye gie's a bit draw, as I forgot my pipe in the bustle to catch the train?

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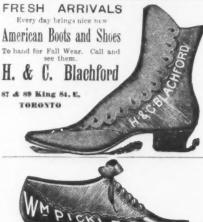
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(Continued from Page Two.)

daughter of James McMullen, M.P., of North Wellington, to Mr. Walter T. Dickey, son of Mr. N. Dickey of Kansas City, formerly an alderman of Toronto, took place Wednesday, September 18, at Knox Church, Mount Forest, in the presence of a large assemblage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. McMullen of Woodstock and Rev. R. N. Grant of Orullia, uncles of the bride, assisted by Rev. D. Birkle of Mount Forest. The groomsmen were Mr. W. McMullen and Mr. J. Logan. The bride looked charming in white silk faille, brocade front, court train, veil and orange blossoms; her only ornaments were diamond earrings, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids, Miss Louise McMullen of Woodstock, cousin of the bride, and Miss Nanno Hughes of Toronto, wore Empire gowns of cream Henrietta cloth, veils, and gold necklaces, also the gift of the groom. The train-bearers were little Miss Ethel Anderson of Arthur, who was attired in a quaint gown of yellow silk, and carried a basket of chrysanthemums, and Master Rossin Jamieson, who wore a Fauntleroy suit, The ushers were Mr. W. G. McMullen of Woodstock and Mr. Ab. McMullen. The presents to the bride were remarkably numerous and exquisitely handsome. After the marriage the invited guests repaired to Maitland Hall, the residence of the bride's father, and partook of a sumptuous lunch, at the close of which sparkling speeches were made, and telegrams of congratulation were read from Hon. W. and Madame Laurier; Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake; Mr. and Mrs. Dickey, Kansas City; H. Malcolmson, Chatham; P. Hughes, Toronto, and others. The happy couple left on the four o'clock train on their wedding trip east.

SIMCOE.

SIMCOE.

The first party of the season was given by Mrs. Snarp on Friday evening and was a very elightful affair. Mrs. McCowan of Stratford, Mrs. Sharpe of Toledo, Ohio, Miss Backus of Yort Rowan, Mr. Puxley of London and Mr. Trawford of Aylmer were present. Mrs. Walter McCall, Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Miss Tisdale, Miss Formley, Miss Bowlby, Messrs. Campbell, urtis, Wallace, McKenzie, Langmuir and Jorrison were a few of the Simcoe guests.

Mrs. J. C. Boyd, Miss Tisdale and Miss Wilons of the Miss Wilons of th

Miss Annie Bowlby and Miss Lyon have

Miss Alme Bowloy and Miss Lyon have returned from Toronto.

Mrs. W. A. McCall has had a charming visit in Montreal.

Miss Coles left Friday for a visit of some months in Chicago.

TIPTOE.

### Later Music.

The concert season was opened on Tuesday rening by Signor E. Rubini's concert at the avilion with a fair attendance. Those taking art in the performance had evidently influed their friends to attend, as almost every unber was most rapturously encored. Mile, dele Strauss and Mr. H. M. Field were the incinal professional artists taking part and Addele Strauss and Mr. H. M. Field were the principal professional artists taking part and have never more delighted their hearers than they did on this occasion. A noteworthy feature of the programme was the presence thereon of a number of compositions by Signor Rubini himself for voice, violin, cello and piano, which evinced most scholarly musicianship, as well as melodious inspiration. In the performance of these numbers, effective assistance was rendered by Miss Maud Harris, Herr Ernest Mahr, and Signor Napolitano. Hamilton contributed two young pupils of Signor Rubini, Messrs, Macpherson and Morley.

METRONOME.

Art in Dress.

The newest and nobbiest sack is the double-breasted, with the fronts boldly cut away from the lower button. Taylor & Co., art tailors, 19 Yonge street.

A Troublesome Problem.

Confound it!"
What's the matter, Bromley?"
Why, whenever I reach in my vest pocket a match it happens to be a toothpick, and en I fumble for a toothpick it's a match."

The Age of Progress. At the Coroner's, Helter—This is certainly a progressive age. Skelter—How so? Helter—It used to be that death sent his minons by messenger; now he sends it by irrons.

Tender Feet.

At the Whippersnapper Club, Flobson-What ails Dobson? I see he's going about on muches
Snobson—Crippled for life, poor dayvil,
tepped on a cussed peanut shell lawst week
and bruised the whole end of his little toe,
Flobson—Good God! It's a wonder they
do't saw his cussed leg awf, bay jawve.—N.
Truth.

At the Races.

Spyckins—Why, Fylk, what's un? You look sit you had backed a short horse. Fylkins—Well, I didn't. I backed a long one-too long in getting to the pole.—N. Y. Truth.

Somewhat Sarcastic

A lady entered a crowded street car, but nobody offered her a seat except a laboring man in a corner. With a graceful inclination of her head she declined the seat, saying:
"No, I thank you; I do not wish to deprive the only gentleman in the car of his seat."

It's Old Enough.

Dashaway (at the table sarcastically)—I think that Brown-Sequard's clixir might be applied with great effect to this chicken.

Mrs. Slimdiet (the landlady)—Yes, it might be applied to your account, it's old enough.

Two of a Kind.

The brother who testified to the effect that he had doubted the existence of a hell till convinced of its reality by a blessed experience was matched by one other who prayed, "O Lord, make this room so hot that the devil can't stay here!"

Foreing Acquaintance.

Parkinson-Will you pardon me if I intro-ace myself ? Your brother and I are members of the same company in the seventh.

Miss Gartner—It is Mr. Parkinson, isn't it?

I've heard Tom speak of you a great deal lately.

Parkinson—Delighted, I assure you.

Miss Gartner—Yes; he said you could play

poker in the dark, and win every time.

Hadn't Read Juliet, But Thought Romeo Glorious.

Would-be Poet—And, my dear doctor, I have taken such delight in all the great poems that I am sure that poetry is my vocation.

Eminent Litterateur—And—ah—my dear young lady—you—ah—have read Romeo—ah—and Juliet? Would-be Poet—Well, I haven't read Juliet, but I think Romeo is glorious.

It Can't Be Done Now.

For a year or more after we struck this town we could be kicked and cuffed with perfect impunity, even by a low down Indian. We were knocked down, booted up and down the street, and had our nose pulled out of shape two or three times per week, and we never thought of

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Cor. Queen and Yonge Streets, Toronto

resisting. We were a tenderfoot of the tenderfootedest sort, and it was a question whether we should pull through or not.

Let someone attempt to tweak our nose now! The offer of a hundred dollars in cash wouldn't tempt a man in town to try it on. We are no longer a tenderfoot. The man who sets out to lift us now has got to beat chain lightning. Every chap who has piled into us for the last ten months has had to be carried off on a shutter, and two of them, as the town record shows, sleep peacefully among the daisies.

Why He Couldn't Accept the Position. Farmer's Son—Did you hire the man, father? Farmer—I wanted to, but he wouldn't accept

F. S.—What did you offer him? F. J offered him \$60 a month and to find

F.—I offered him \$60 a month and to find himself.
F. S.—And he thought \$60 too little?
F.—No; he was satisfied with the wages, but he said he couldn't find himself.
F. S.—Why not?
F.—Because he is an ex-detective from Chicago. He said he never could find anything.—
Beston Courier.

Laughing Too Soon.
"What's the matter?" the schoolmistress

"What asked.
"Back's sore, ma'am,"
"What made it sore?"
"Pop pounded his thumb with a hatchet this morning and I laughed."—Ladies' Home Jour-

A Woman's Way.

"Williams," said the editor of the Big Creek Ripsnorter to his foreman, "I shall be away from the office for the next two weeks. In a day or two I shall pass through Chicago, and if there is anything you need for the mechanical department.—"

department—" Who is to edit the paper while you are absent?" inquired Williams.
"My wife will attend to that."
"We shall need," said the experienced foreman, "about forty pounds of italics."—Chicago Tribune.

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my business to Yonge Street as is the impression with a large circle of my friends, but am to be found at the old stand, No. 1 ROSSIN HOUSE BLOCK, where I shall be pleased to see any of my old customers.

## HENRY A. TAYLOR

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OANCING and MUSIC "GRAND DUCHESS"

"HOME STANDARD"

'MODEL STANDARD'





The E. & C. Gurney Co. (Ltd.) HAMILTON TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG

THE ATRADOME

## BANKRUPT STOCK

## M'KEOWN & COMPANY

Have purchased from the Trustees of the Estate of NOLAN & HICKSON, at 46c. on the Dollar, the Large and Valuable Stock of the ATRADOME, consisting of

Rich Black and Mourning Dress Goods Colored Dress Goods Silks, Merveilleux Velvets, Plushes

Mason & Risch Black Crapes, Rich Mantles Waterproof Cloaks **Dress and Mantle Trimmings** Neck Ruchings, &c., &c.

> This stock is well known as being one of the Finest in Toronto, and will be offered at about half original cost at our Store, 182 Yonge Street. AN EARLY INSPECTION INVITED.

> Sale opens this (Saturday) morning, and will be continued until the entire stock is sold. An extra staff of Salesmen has been engaged to meet the convenience of purchasers.

### DRESSMAKING

We invite the attention of ladies requiring First-class Dressmaking to this

### M'KEOWN & COMPANY BRANCHES - 515 Queen Street West, 258 and 750 Queen Street East, 457 Par iament Stree', and 582 Yonge Street.

182 Yonge Street

Is essential in the selection and arrangement of Wall Papers. Without it the best designs and the best colourings are ineffective. The wall must suit the room—the frieze must help the wall—the ceiling must be a fitting crown to the whole. Our Stock of

### WALL PAPERS

Is selected with the greatest care, and in our cheapest grades we show tasteful arrangements of design and colour.

ELLIOTT & SON,

94 & 96 BAY ST.

ESTABLISHED 1860

MILLINERY stock in great variety. Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.

DRESSMAKING Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish Guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention. J. & A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the New Tailor System of Bress Cutting, late Prof. Moody's.

SUMMER COOKING

### The Wanzer Cooker

ls a complete revelation to cooks. With only one Wanzer Lamp 9 lbs. of beef is beautifully roasted and basted, while egetables are being boiled and pudding or fish cooked at the same time

A 3-course dinner is all put on at the same time, left absolutely alone, and all taken off at the same time, and better cooked than over a range. No odor of food in the room. Cost of fuel per meal only one-half cent.

R M. WANZER & CO. MANUFACTURERS

Hamilton - - Ont.

Too Inquisitive

Ludlow, who is waiting for his sweetheart to dress, is being entertained by her little sister. "What beautiful curling hair you have," says Ludlow to the little girl; "does it curl naturally?"

"No," answered the little one, frankly;
"sister Lena does it up in papers for me every

night."
"And does your sister Lena do her own up in papers too?"
"No, she takes them off every night and lays them on the bureau and curls them the next morning."

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage At residence—57 Murray Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

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GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses Court House, Adelaide Street

and 138 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births. JUKES—At Brandon, Man., on September 23, Mrs. Andr w Jukes—a daughter.

McMAHON—At Aliston, on September 22, Mrs. Isaiah
McMahon—a son.

SPRO 17—In Township of Esquesing, on September 18,
Mrs. John Sproat—a daughter.

WEDD—At Berlin, on September 21, Mrs. G. M. Wedd—
a son.

HUDSON-At Toronto, on September 10, Mrs. Joseph

Hudson—a daughter. NISBET—At Sarnia, on September 16, Mrs. T. W. Nisbot PLUMMER-At Toronto, on September 19, Mrs. A. E. Plummer-a son.
ANDERSON-At Toronto, September 20, Mrs. George NA RN - \t Goderich, on September 20, Mrs. Charles A.

Nai·n-4 uaughter MACPHERSON-At Islington, on September 22, Mrs. John A. L. Macp'erson-a son. ELLIS-At Toronto, on September 18, Mrs. R. B. Ellisa son. HOLLAND-At Oshawa, on September 20, Mrs. W. H.

HANSON-At Toronto, on September 12, Mrs. T. Hanson -a s m. IRWIN-At Clover Hill, on September 20, Mrs. Harry TYTLER-At Toronto, on September 24, Mrs. J. Tytler-

### Marriages.

Marriages.

CLARKE—LOUDON—At Queen street Methodist Church, on September 25, by Rev. Manley Benson, Herbert L. Clarke of Boston, Mass, to Lizzie, youngest daughter of the late E-th and Loudon of Toronto.

C AMPBELL.—MACKIIN—At Toronto, September 17, Edwi T. Camphell to Edith Macklin.

DICKEY—McMULLEN—At Mount Forest, September 18, Walter S. Dickey of Kansas City to Kate L. McMullen.

ANDERSON—KERR—At Toronto, September 19, Frederick Charles Anderson of Ottawa to Minerva C. E. Kerr.

REID—SPENCE—At Toronto, September 19, John B. Reid, M.D. of Tilsonburg, to May F. Spence.

HAMILTON—WOODS—At London, Major J. R. Hamilton, M.D. to Elizabeth George Wood.

BISTOL—ARMOUR—At Cobourg, September 21, Edmund Bristo, barriage-at-law, to Mary Dorothy Armour.

ARMSTRONG—HOBSON—At Toronto, September 20, W. J. Armstrong, M.D., of Fullerton, Ont., to Susie Pillar Hobson.

POPPLE WELL—RROWN—At Toronto, M. S. Popplewell.

Hobson.
POPPLE WELL—BROWN—At Toronto, M. S. Popplewell
to Mary Brown.
PIERCE—BRE AULT—At Toronto, September 19, Geo.
Morton Pierce to Victorie Breault of Peterborough.
STONE—FINDLAY—At Toronto, Charles Edgar Stone to
Elizabeth Findlay.
OGDEN—JONES—At Gananoque, September 19, Francis
Ludlow Ogden of New York to Gertrude Jones.
STEVELY—TACK ABURY—At Conastola, N.Y., September 19, Samuel Stevely of London, Ont., to Maud Sophia
Tackabury.

ber 19. Samuel Stevely of London, Ont., to Maud Sophia Tackahury.

JEM METT - MILL - At Napanee, on September 14, Francis S. B. Jemmett of Gananoque, to Rebecca G. Mill.

HOOD - WATSON - At Toronto, on September 18, Frederick C. Hood, M.D., of Lindsav, to Clara S. Watson.

HARRISON - WILSON - At Ridgeway, on September 17, Frunklin T. Harrison of Toronto, to Emma MyttileneWilson.

KURTZ - WILSON - At Toronto, on September 17, Dr. A. Kurtz of Neenah, Wia, to Maggie M. Wilson.

THOMPSON - MAY - At Chrisqo, on September 18, Alfred Burks Thompson of Penetanguishene, to Kate Worthington May of London.

TIDSWELL - YOUNG - At Hamilton, on September 19, William O. Tidswell to Kate Ethel Young.

WARWICK - GIFFORD - At Toronto, on September 18, John Warwick to Catharine Gifford.

WILLARD - PEARDON - At Toronto, on September 18, James C. Willard of Gait, to Lena Peardon.

### Deaths.

Muray

NORMAN—At Toronto, on September 19, Johnnie, infant
on of J. W. and Dollie Norman.

MACFARLANE—At Toronto, on September 25, Robert
d'ofarlane, aged 22 yars.

COUTCH—At Usbridge, on September 24, Fanny Ganton
outeh of Tern'o. zen of ferra o. GLE—At To ont', on September 23, Mary Ellen Ogle. LAUCHLAN—At Hamilton, on September 23, Emily

chauchian, aged 60 years. CROSS-At S: Catharines, on September 20, Luther ros, M.D., aged 85 vears. HOYLE-At Cannington, on September 22, Fanny Hoyle,

aged 40 years.
O'BRIEN-In West York Township, on September 23,
Matthew O'Brien, aged 24 years.
BUDDEN-At Toronto, on September 22, George Budden, ge 1 70 years. AVLMER-At Me'bourne, P.Q., on September 20, Annie NISBET - at Sarnia, on September 19, Ruth, infant

to HENRY - At Harriston, on September 20, Laura, in-t daughter of Dr. S. M. Henry, aged I year. SYRNE - At Toronto, on September 18, Eddy, youngest

MITCHELL-At Toronto, September 19, John Ewart EYRE-At Sudbury, September 19, Frederick Eyre, aged

ged 4 years.
JONES—At Toronto, September 22, Eugenie Beatrice,
mly child of George and Mamie Jones.
SANON—At Fort Erie, September 20, James Frederick
axon, aged 58 years.
THOMSON—At Toronto, on September 20, Thomas Mecrie Thomson, aged 76 years.
WENMAN—At Toronto, September 22, Jasper Wenman,
ged 75 years.



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Toronto London Guelph Peterboro' Woodstock

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Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?

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UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfactio very reasonable prices. Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

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GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Do-

Their thirty-six years'

A Tremendous Stock

Our stock of Fall and Winter Clothing is now

very complete. Men's Suits and Overcoats in

ever, known pattern and style. Young Men's and Boys' Suits and Overcoats are simply grand.

We have this season gone to no end of trouble

in order to show a stock of fine ready-made clothing that in every way would be equal in every respect to the fine custom work, and at the same time sell it at just one-third less price.

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antee of the excellence

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Our written guaran tee for five years acompanies each Piano

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Near corner of King Street

# "DOMINION"

The "Dominion" Pianos continue everywhere to lead in Canada. Their uniform excellence and individual perfection inspire the confidence of the people, who find them in every case fully as represented. The Dominion Company have always sought to make only the best. The great sale of their Pianos and Organs to-day bears witness to their success.

Sole Agency, J. S. POWLEY & Co., Toronto Temple of Music, 68 King Street West.

## **PIANOS**

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Filling fast with New Mantles. Increased space in the

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GREAT CLOTHING DEPARTMENT

Which in every branch has been enlarged and refitted. A welcome for every one.

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